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Goebbels as Frankenstein

Scandal swirled last week around Dr. Goebbels, third man in Germany (if not second) and head of the Ministry of Propaganda. It was said in several European cities that Dr. Goebbels had been enamored of a beautiful Czech actress, Lida Baarova; that to get her husband, Gustav Froelich, out of the way, Goebbels had sent him to a concentration camp; and that friends of Froelich had horsewhipped Goebbels to the very brink of death, beating him as he has had so many other men beaten. An alternative story was offered that Goebbels was connected with the plot against Hitler supposedly scheduled to end in a mass execution in a few days, and that the tale about Baarova was cooked up to conceal a still more serious issue. We have no notion whether either story is true. That anything at all is wrong is strongly denied in the German press; but the word of the German press is no longer of any value, thanks to Dr. Goebbels himself. It is ironically amusing that having destroyed the integrity of German journalism, he should now have such desperate need to have it restored, if only for an hour.

Hopkins, Murphy—and Jackson

President Roosevelt's appointments to round out his Cabinet with New Dealers will meet opposition in the Senate, but they should be, and probably will be, confirmed. Mr. Harry Hopkins as Secretary of Commerce is the last man in the country whom organized business would pick as its representative in the administration,

but business would fare better in dealing with a man who is close to the President and can really speak for him than with one who merely reflects its own interests. Mr. Frank Murphy of Michigan is one of the ablest and best liked Democrats in the country. He ought to have been reelected Governor of his state; Mr. Roosevelt was profoundly right in approving his course there during the automobile strike, and it is well that his defeat is not to submerge him even temporarily.

Our main regret about these appointments arises not from any doubts about the fitness of the two men concerned, but from reflections about the Democratic candidate in 1940. Mr. Hopkins, it is reported, is the President's choice for the nomination. Mr. Murphy is not a prominent candidate because of religious and other considerations. Because Mr. Hopkins was appointed, it was considered impolitic to advance to the attorney-generalship Mr. Robert H. Jackson, at present Solicitor General, Mr. Jackson being also from New York State. But, without implying any invidious comparisons, it may be said that Mr. Jackson would be without peer as Attorney General and is by far the best possible successor to President Roosevelt now in sight.

Chamberlain Offensive

In the biggest battle of the Spanish war, with twenty-one divisions estimated to be in action on the Fascist side, the Republic found plenty of reasons last week to pat itself on the back. Franco's troops attacked with most success in the sector based on the bridge at Seros,

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midway between two main highways of the area, and the least important sector tactically. It is as if the area were an open fan, and the left, center and right ribs were the highways running through Falset, Borjas Blancas and Artesa, respectively. The Fascists have attacked at three points along the outer edge of the fan, but have only made one considerable advance, between the Falset and Borjas Blancas roads, which are not yet seriously menaced. The terrain through which this advance must continue if it is to be effective is the worst kind of bare, mountainous bad lands.

The three towns mentioned were probably the chief primary objectives of the Fascist attack, and the encouraging thing for the Republic is that none of them had been taken by January 3 and that after ten days of extremely severe fighting the Fascists are certainly tiring. The slowness of the advance in the other two sectors attacked is indicated by the report of the Rebels themselves that in their attack toward Artesa they had assaulted the town of Cubells more than fifty times before it fell. According to unverified reports, the Fascist army has now no more than four or five divisions in reserve, which would make it almost impossible for them to follow up even the most successful breakthrough. The long awaited steam-roller offensive which was to deliver the goods by the time Chamberlain visits Mussolini next week has after ten days of fighting failed to take a single primarily important objective.

Spain and the Pressure Groups

A year ago, half the voters polled by Dr. George Gallup were neutral in the Spanish civil war. This year, all but a third have chosen their side. Among the two-thirds who did choose, 76 percent favor the Loyalists and only 24 percent favor the Rebels. The returns are still more interesting when analyzed according to the religion of the voters. In rough proportions, only four out of ten Catholics hope that Franco will win. In view of the violent anti-Loyalist propaganda from many bishops, from the Jesuit order and almost the whole of the Catholic press (except *The Commonweal*), this is a most encouraging state of affairs. The other Catholics are divided almost equally between neutrals and pro-Loyalists, with the neutrals in the majority. Among the Protestants with a definite choice, 83 percent are for the government and only 17 percent for Franco.

Let us imagine that all the American voters, without respect to creed, were divided into six equal groups. Then, according to the Gallup poll, three of these would favor the Loyalists, two would be neutral and only one would favor the Rebels. But our official policy toward Spain has corresponded not in the least to this division of opinion. It has certainly not favored the legal government. It hasn't even been neutral, considering that no arms can be exported into Loyalist territory, whereas they can be freely shipped to Naples and Hamburg, for transshipment to Franco. Barcelona

needs American airplane motors and needs them desperately, but the only way they get there is in the German planes that bomb the city. In other words, American policy toward Spain has been determined by a pressure group that represents not more than a sixth of the American voters.

Last Word on the Closed Door

It may be a good thing that the Department of State has written its final note to Japan about the Open Door—at least for the present. Japan has closed the door and tells us there is a “new order” in China; we say she had no right to do it, and we do not recognize any new order. The position of both sides is defined; there is nothing more to say, and we probably shall not do anything to enforce our position as Japan has enforced hers. This being the case, note-writing could serve no purpose.

Our note, though a final one, is, however, in no sense an ultimatum. If Japan should ever want to reopen negotiations in order to change the treaties she has violated, and is willing to invite the other parties to those treaties to discuss the subject with her, we would participate in the conference. Such an opportunity might conceivably arise in the future. It would arise if Japan should find the job of pacifying all China too expensive and wanted some formal agreement with her. It would arise if Japan and the Soviet Union should become involved in war. Any general peace conference in the Far East would necessarily bring in these considerations.

Temporarily, however, we have simply registered our protest and our refusal to participate, as we did in the case of Manchuria. Japan can have no American capital with which to exploit the resources or the people of China.

Mr. Roosevelt's Air Armada

On the heels of reports from Washington that Mr. Roosevelt intends to ask Congress to authorize 13,000 military airplanes came the news that he also plans a vast program of training aviators. Special schools will be set up in many colleges, to graduate 20,000 flyers each year. At the same time a big scheme will be undertaken to train airplane mechanics and other ground workers through the National Youth Administration. While it is said that these thousands of new pilots will not be taught combat maneuvers, the best of them will be invited to go into army and navy air schools. Thirteen thousand airplanes are more than twice as many as we need in relation to any possible threat to our own safety at home. Twenty thousand pilots a year for an indefinite number of years are also far in excess of any conceivable requirement. The country now has about 20,000 pilots all told, including civilian and military men, and there is some unemployment among flyers. These newly trained men will not be able to get jobs; it is not even certain they will have a chance to fly enough hours every year to keep their skill intact. The

conclusion is irresistible that, as the article on "Mr. Roosevelt's Undeclared War" in this issue says, these plans of the President have to do not with internal necessities but with international politics.

What Lima Proved

Members of the United States foreign service from all the west-coast South American republics, including military, naval and commercial attachés, are now conferring at Lima, holding a sort of diplomatic post-mortem on the Pan-American discussions. They are considering South American policy in its broadest aspects, and it is certain that much attention will be given to the inroads the fascist nations, especially Germany, have been making. The extent and success of Nazi propaganda in South America was shockingly demonstrated at the Pan-American conference. John W. White, correspondent for *The New York Times*, sent dispatches from Chile (in order to evade the Peruvian government censorship) which told how the United States representatives were censored, intimidated and spied upon. He reported that the Conference, on its opening day, looked like the site of a great Nazi rally because of the thousands of swastika flags in the Lima streets. The local newspapers deliberately misinterpreted the actions of the Conference, twisting the most unlikely moves into totalitarian victories or an endorsement for Franco. Mr. White says that Nazi anti-Jewish orders are having their effect; that important South American business houses have been ordered to fire all their Jewish agents in order to retain German purchases. But the hardest problem the United States foreign-service convention has to solve is not how to fight German "invasion." It is the question: what can be done in the countries which prefer fascism to the South American brand of democracy?

Doc Townsend Rides Again

In the new Congress, there are about ninety Republicans who have pledged themselves, in varying degrees, to support the Townsend plan. The Democratic majority will do its utmost to embarrass these men by forcing them to a public vote on the issue. Some of them are hypocrites who would be appalled to see the country come within a long halloo of the notions espoused by the white-headed doctor from Long Beach, but there are others who are quite sincere.

The Townsend planners long ago abandoned the idea of "\$200 every month." Instead, they propose a two-percent transaction tax, and would distribute as a pension whatever it brought. Recipients would be all American citizens of sixty-five and over who were willing to sign an application; the plan's backers say it would cost more to investigate need, and keep on investigating to see if the position had altered, than to pay everybody who asks. It is estimated that there are about 10,000,000 citizens in the country sixty-five and over, of

whom about 9,000,000 would apply for aid. A two-percent transaction tax, it is said, would raise enough to give each of them \$60 a month, or \$120 for husband and wife. By an odd coincidence—or is it?—this is the very pension the Communist Party is now demanding.

Townsendites say that the total cost—about six and a half billions yearly—is only 10 percent of the national income even in depression, and is only a third or less of the difference between that income in good times and in bad. They regard their plan as not financial but industrial—a scheme to get the wheels turning again. They say moreover that with the old folks getting \$60 a month, payments to young people for unemployment relief could be tremendously reduced; in times of stress the aged could, and would, help out their children and grandchildren. The present social-security taxes could be greatly curtailed or perhaps even abolished. Townsenders believe that with the plan operating, depressions would vanish. What they overlook is that such taxes only transfer wealth from one group to another, without directly increasing it at all. The Townsend plan does this with a sales tax which would bear most heavily on the poorest elements in the population. Its competitor, the General Welfare Federation, would use a two-percent gross-income tax.

Many Republicans regard the plan as a godsend to their party. They expect to come into power nationally with it in 1940, pointing out that it was the only issue people cared anything about in the election last November. The Democrats, they say, can never steal their thunder for two chief reasons. The South will never stand for it because no Southerner would be willing to let aged Negroes have \$15 cash money a week; Tammany and other big Northern city machines will fight it because it confers benefits on everyone alike, whatever his affiliation. They fear, they say, only one thing: that President Roosevelt might leave the Democratic Party organization to Garner and Farley, and run for a third term on a new platform of his own including, probably without acknowledgment, the Townsend plan. But this, they feel, is not very likely.

A Road and a Canal

Two important pieces of news from Central Europe are reported by Commander Stephen King-Hall. First, Germany and Czecho-Slovakia have signed an agreement for a great super-highway from Breslau to Vienna. It will run right across Czecho-Slovakia, and the entire right of way is to become permanently and completely German territory. Czecho-Slovakia will therefore be cut in two, the only access from one part to the other being by means of bridges and underpasses above and below the German road. Second, an agreement has been signed for a canal through Czecho-Slovakia linking up the Oder River and the Danube. When this and the Rhine-Main-Danube canal, now being dug, are completed, 1,200-ton barges will go from Germany to the

Black Sea and Constantinople. The importance of the Mediterranean will be greatly diminished. Does anyone still doubt that Hitler intends to become and remain the master of Southeastern Europe?

Of Debutantes and Cinderellas

Here in New York City the other day a group of the younger men about town promoted a mock social debut. Their debutante was a John Powers model, a handsome girl named Wilma Baard, whose father is a barge captain. The presentation took place in a bar instead of the ballroom of a fashionable hotel and the receiving line was made up of Miss Baard's fourteen phony uncles in place of a nervous mother and a handful of genuine aunts, but in most respects the party was conducted in the regular fashion. The list of those present might easily have been the guest roster of a bonafide coming-out party; in fact there was one certified debutante in the crowd who was quoted in the press as "having a wonderful time." Miss Baard's debut was much too close to the real thing for burlesque. Old Scrooge that we are, we have to report that the joke left us the sadder, even in the midst of the holiday revels. Everybody's favorite story is Cinderella's metamorphosis from rags in the kitchen to satin at the ball. Naturally, it's our favorite too, and when Cinderella scampers back to the kitchen at midnight we're always confident that The Prince, come morning, will be around to claim her as his own. But how about Miss Baard? Does she think the idea of a barge captain's daughter being socially acceptable is such a belly laugh? And, if there were any Princes at her party, have they asked her father for her hand?

Vitamins, Vitamins

The wonder of the age, in drug circles, is the growth of the vitamin craze. In a few months, public demand has shot forward so that the annual business (including indirect sale in the food and poultry fields) is about half a billion dollars. According to Tide, vitamins were recently third among all products sold in drug stores, have already passed the number-two item (cold cures) and will soon overtake number one (laxatives). The list of products that can be bought with vitamins added lengthens every day: milk, soap, chewing gum, garlic, yeast, cosmetics, mineral oil (a laxative), candy and Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. The makers of capsules reported recently they were running behind their orders by 7,000,000 capsules a day.

That there is a big element of voodoo in the sudden public passion for vitamins goes without saying. An astonishingly large proportion of the American people don't feel very well and are looking for some magical elixir of youth. Everything they have tried before has proved to be only a passing fad, and it is fair to assume that the vitamin craze will presently go on the shelf with Couéism, alkalizers, Fletcherism and deep breath-

ing. The Federal Trade Commission has already issued orders against a number of manufacturers either on the ground that their products did not contain the vitamins claimed, or that even if they did, the advertised results would not be obtained. That vitamins constitute an important part of the diet, no one will deny. Medical opinion, however, inclines to the belief that anyone following a normal regimen, with proper quantities of such standard foods as milk, eggs, fresh and cooked vegetables, fruits, meats, cereals and breadstuffs, is getting all the vitamins he needs. It is the old story: those whose diet is actually deficient can't afford to buy vitamins. Those who can, and do buy them, need them least of all.

Hitler Anecdote

An American just back from Berlin tells us the latest story that is going around surreptitiously there. It reports a conversation between an enthusiastic German Nazi and a friend of his, an inhabitant of the Netherlands. Says the German: "Why don't you get yourselves a Führer like us? You'd have prosperity then—factories going full tilt, everybody busy." To which the Hollander replies:

"Well, perhaps you are right. Maybe if we had a Hitler we would have better employment, factory chimneys smoking. But then again—if somebody knocks on my door at four o'clock in the morning, I know it is the milkman."

News Notes of a Week

Germany notified England that she will exercise her right to build a submarine fleet equal to the British one in tonnage. At present it is limited to 45 percent, though the number of submarines is much larger than this proportion would indicate, since Germany builds the midget type and the British boats are big and heavy. . . . A treason trial was announced in Germany amid predictions that many of its victims would be sent to the block. . . . The German press talked ominously about the necessity of freeing the Ukraine. . . . The Quakers announced plans for helping the Jews to get out of Germany, including refugee camps beyond the borders. . . . In Soviet Russia, five members of the secret police were found guilty of having brought treason charges against innocent individuals.

At home, Congress assembled in a mood which Washington correspondents described as hostile to the President. . . . On the eve of a congressional report supposed to describe political corruption in the WPA, tentative plans were announced for committees of well known citizens to help supervise WPA affairs in each county in the United States. . . . Washington reports hinted that Donald W. Smith, one of the ablest members of the National Labor Relations Board, might be "thrown to the wolves" by the President's withdrawing his nomination.

Third-Term Strategy

SHOULD PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT have a third term? The question is being debated on its merits, but it is also being used as an instrument of political strategy. It is probable that the Senators who now are talking of a resolution expressing disapproval of the third term have in mind, not the simple question, but the strategic one. They are not really so much concerned about whether Mr. Roosevelt will run in 1940 as they are about whether he will have his way before then, and whether the tendencies that he represents will continue to rule the Democratic Party after him.

In order to understand this, we must see what is behind the political situation. The Democratic Party is of course being hauled two ways—to the Right by the conservative regulars, and to the Left by the New Dealers. The natural inertia of the party would quickly return it to accustomed grooves if it were not for the prestige of Mr. Roosevelt and the power of his office. Unfortunately there is nobody else on the New Deal side who has anything like the personal popularity of the President or who can now command strong political support apart from him. The more prominent New Dealers of the second rank do not have much cohesiveness, either. The problem of the conservatives is therefore to get Mr. Roosevelt out of the picture as soon as possible, and to weaken his influence over the party. Nothing would strengthen them more than a declaration by him that he would not run again, or some assurance that he would not be allowed to do so. For in that case he would now lose much of his power to influence either legislation or the choice of his successor. He would be, politically, in the position of a monarch on his deathbed, while courtiers and sycophants were laying their plans for favor under the next regime. There is a story that when President Roosevelt was asked whether he wanted a third term, he replied, "I don't know, but I'd like a second one."

As long as Mr. Roosevelt can have the renomination if he wants it, he holds the whip hand against his party opponents. He can always say, in effect: "Unless you continue the New Deal policies and nominate a New Dealer in 1940, I shall be compelled to run again myself." Of course he does not need ever to utter so specific a threat; many progressives are doing it for him because they believe no one else can keep the conservatives from capturing the party. The more strong the conservative threat is, the more strong the third-term movement becomes.

One important factor in this chess game is the strength of the public sentiment about a third term. The popular tradition that no President should stand for reelection a second time is a weapon that may be used on both sides. If it can be made decisive enough so that even in a Democratic convention the President

could not command the support to obtain the nomination, his influence would be considerably diminished. In that case, his cohorts would be left only with the threat that if the convention did not adopt an acceptable candidate and platform, they would split the party and run an independent candidate—Mr. Roosevelt or some other progressive. Such a division would make it almost certain that the Democrats would lose the election; the efficacy of the threat would be diminished, however, by the fact that many Democratic conservatives would rather gain control of their party than win the election. But if it is clear that Mr. Roosevelt could obtain his party's nomination, then popular sentiment against a third term would help to obtain the acceptance of his recommendation on candidate and policy.

In these circumstances it is important that progressives make up their own minds on the basic issue. The New Republic, for its part, sees a virtue in the tradition that Presidents should not be encouraged to remain in office too long. But this, like all other traditions, should not be elevated into a dogma commanding blind obedience, if other, more important, matters are at stake. Certainly it would be playing the conservatives' game to emphasize the anti-third-term tradition at the present time. This tradition takes second place to the need for a consistent governmental policy that will work as rapidly as possible toward a better social and economic order. We are not likely to get a dictatorship by a third term for Mr. Roosevelt, but another economic collapse like that of 1929 and a continuance of widespread unemployment and insecurity might easily lead us to a form of totalitarianism. We should prefer to see the progressive forces of the country continue in power under a new President. But if the Democratic stand-patters make that impossible, a third term for Mr. Roosevelt would be preferable to a period of reaction and confusion. If a sufficient number of supporters of Mr. Roosevelt agree with us in this, the electorate will not need to choose between a third term and repudiation of progressivism. In that case we shall not be obliged to have either.

Chamberlain Goes to Rome

WHAT DOES CHAMBERLAIN hope to do in Rome? What does Mussolini hope he will do? And what in fact is likely to take place? These are questions the whole world is asking. Many people believe that a new international crisis second only to that of last September impends. Premier Daladier gives some color to this idea by hastily announcing that whatever happens, he does not want Chamberlain to act as mediator between Italy and France; he knows that the British Prime Minister's is the kiss of death. From Tunisia the well schooled Italian minority is demanding a visit from Lord Runciman. It would be funny if it were not tragic.

The Chamberlain appeasement policy, in brief, is to give the dictators enough of other people's property to keep them quiet. What he refuses to understand is that the more you give a dictator, the louder his screams become. In regard to Germany, as long ago as last April Mr. Chamberlain had made up his mind to give her a large part of Czecho-Slovakia. Equally early he was thinking of a redistribution of colonies for Germany's benefit, presumably by forcing Portugal to give up some of her possessions. His policy toward Italy has long been dominated by two or three simple aims. He wants the German-Italian coalition to win in Spain, since he believes the charge that the Loyalist government is communistic and he fears communism more than anything else in the world. In Italy itself he does not want Mussolini overthrown, lest the Communists should then take charge. He believes Italy can control the British route through the Mediterranean to India and the Orient, and he is convinced England's wisest policy is to be friendly with Il Duce. If this involves giving Italy a good part of the French colonial empire, that is too bad.

As for Mussolini, his policy is simple. He wants everything he can possibly get, now and forever. At present and probably for some years to come, he finds it advantageous to act in concert with Hitler. Each dictator in turn creates an uproar, assisted by the other. First Germany abuses England, in order to frighten her away from France, and then Italy abuses France to weaken her allegiance with England and drive her into the arms of the Fascist duo. (The policy does not always work, but even when it doesn't, it rarely produces an actual net loss.) Mussolini wants—indeed, he badly needs—a victory in Spain and this would be facilitated if England would grant Franco belligerent rights and the power of blockade. His other claims for Jibuti, the French-owned Jibuti-Addis Ababa railroad, a share in the Suez Canal, Tunisia, Corsica and the French Riviera are part of a horse trader's asking price, a price which also includes his power to stir up the Arabs against England in Palestine and the Near East.

Mr. Chamberlain would like to be generous with Mussolini, beginning with belligerent rights for Franco. He is hampered, however, by public opinion in Great Britain and the United States, and particularly by Mr. Roosevelt's strong antipathy to the dictatorships and his yearning to blacken their eyes.

The British public might have stood for a rebel victory in Spain had not Hitler, immediately after Munich, started in to exterminate the Jews. Mr. Chamberlain, with indignation seething on both sides of the Atlantic, was forced to alter his timetable. He won't grant belligerent rights to Franco until he decides it is again safe to do so.

Where does France stand in all this? The French themselves would very much like to find out. Daladier says heroically that not an inch of French territory will

be given up to Italy, but this is nonsense and he knows it. Even the 1935 agreement would have given Italy more than 40,000 square miles of French territory, and it was Italy, not France, that took the initiative in canceling this agreement, on the ground that a fresh bargain will be a bigger one. The present French government and the hidden powers that control it are more afraid of radicalism in the French working class than of foreign fascism. They cling to England partly because they

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"The Decline of the West"

The First of the Series, "Books That Changed Our Minds"

SINCE THE TIME OF THE FRENCH ENCYCLOPEDISTS party pamphlets have dominated the thought of each age. Often these pamphlets have been elaborately disguised: they are ponderous works, not leaflets: they are esoteric in form, not popular: they parade prophecy as science and put forward their secret wishes and hopes and aspirations as if they had no other source than the objective nature of things. While an essential part of the new doctrines, in the case of a Marx, a Pareto or a Spengler, is that ideas are incapable of directing or changing the main course of events, one can hardly doubt that these pamphlets have, paradoxically, had a potent effect upon the actions of men. If in nothing else, they have brought the diffused, scattered impulses of their generation into a sharp focus.

Perhaps the greatest of these gargantuan party pamphlets was "Das Kapital"; but in our day the turn of events has given special significance to a rival document that was written during the first World War: Oswald Spengler's "Der Untergang des Abendlandes."

The English title of this work, for some reason best known to the translator, avoids the obvious melodramatic touch of the German: *Untergang* means "down-fall," not "decline." In its two volumes it embodies the strenuous greatness, the massive energies and the underlying crudenesses of German life, experience, thought. Spengler explored the matted world of historic events with superb intellectual courage and he unraveled more than one tangled skein: but at the same time he was so completely lacking in the gift of self-criticism that he exhibited the most naïve Junker barbarisms as if they were the pronouncements of high philosophy and a superior order of insight.

That combination of barbarism and intensive culture, which has been characteristic of Germany since the savage disintegration of the Thirty Years' War, united in Spengler's work into an explicit ideology. Spengler had a free mind and a servile emotional attitude; he presented a formidable upright figure, with a domed bald head and a keen eye, but in the presence of authority, particularly military authority, his backbone crumbled. These contradictions threaded deeply through his entire thought.

Conceived before the first World War and published in 1918, before it had ended, Spengler's treatise is something more than a philosophy of history. It is first of all, from the German standpoint, a work of religious consolation. It was written, in effect, to rationalize the state in which the new German found himself. In the course of two generations the German had revolution-

ized the material means of living: he had acquired wealth and power and a formidable position in the world by repressing all his vital impulses except those which served directly his will-to-power. But in his heart, he was not at home in this new environment. Measured by humane standards, the relatively feeble, industrially backward, politically divided country of the Enlightenment had been a better place to live: Kant in Königsberg, Goethe and Schiller in Weimar, Mozart and Beethoven in Vienna, had put the country on a cultural level that the most expensive efforts of *nouveau-riche* Berlin could not surpass.

If Germany was defeated in her attempt to achieve military control of Europe, all was lost; but if Germany won, little was gained: nothing was left except to go on with the empty conquests of the past forty years, building railroads into Bagdad, throwing steamship lines over new trade routes, manufacturing genuine Scottish marmalade in Hamburg and, above all, giving larger scope to Junker arrogance and military prowess: the easy sack of Peking had but whetted their appetites. Thought itself had become technicized, indeed partly militarized; those who still felt a sentimental pull toward the older and deeper German culture, who valued the ancient spirit of a Wolfram von Eschenbach, were appalled by the battlefield bleakness of the intellectual landscape.

Drawing upon world history for consoling comparisons and precedents, Spengler found them in his theory of historic development. According to him, there are two kinds of peoples in the world: those who merely live and those who enact history. The first, if they exist before the cultural cycle begins, are mere vegetables: their life is directionless; they endure on a timeless level of pure being. If they come at the end of a cycle, they also tumble into Spengler's limbo: they are fellaheen: without ambition, without creative capacity, different from the true peasant because they clothe themselves in the worn-out garments of an old civilization, continuing its forms even though they progressively lose all its meanings.

As for the actors, they experience "Destiny": they pass from a state of culture, in which life is bound up with a common soil and a deep intuitive sense of the importance of blood and race and caste, to a state of civilization, in which their waking consciousness begins to transcend their more instinctive earlier life. In this second state, they cease to be fettered to a particular region and become, instead, cosmopolitan in extension, highly urbanized and increasingly indifferent to the vital processes that mean so much to both peasant and

townsman in the earlier period. Rationalism and humanitarianism devitalize their will-to-power. Pacifism gives rise to passivism. In the phase of culture, life germinates and flourishes; in the state of civilization, the sap sinks to the roots, the stems and leaves become brittle and the whole structure of the organism becomes incapable of further growth.

From the organic to the inorganic, from spring to winter, from the living to the mechanical, from the subjectively conditioned to the objectively conditioned—this, said Spengler, is the line of development for all societies.

The Western European community had had its springtime in the tenth century. This opened the new epoch of "Faustian" culture, dedicated to the conquest of infinite space and the triumphant reduction of natural forces into mere servants of the human will. For Spengler, each culture is a unified body: it is dominated by its specific idea, which in turn is symbolized by and embodied in its architecture, its mathematics, its painting, its statecraft. The Classic idea was that of a static, spatial world, without any true sense of time as distance; its characteristic expression was Euclidean geometry. The Faustian idea, in contrast, is a dynamic world, in which space is expressed in terms of distance, movement, time; in opposition to the post and lintel of Greek construction, it utilizes the leaping arch, and its great symbol is the Gothic spire.

Not merely is a culture incapable of receiving the ideas or the contributions of other cultures; it cannot even understand them. All intercourse with outside cultures is an illusion; it cannot take place either in time, as historic importation, or in space, as the intermingling of different cultures like the Western European and the Chinese. One might call this theory of Spengler's the doctrine of the closed frontier. It exhibits, with curious exaggeration, the self-imposed isolation of the German, which he interprets alternately as a symptom of the outside world's hostility or as a token of his own superiority as a member of a chosen tribe. (That Spengler demolishes his own case by undertaking to bring out the idea of each historic culture is symptomatic of the confusion that exists everywhere in his work between his human inheritance as a Western European and his purely tribal inheritance as a German.)

In Spengler's theory of cultural development there are, however, various elements of truth. In translation from one language to another, a certain intimate residue of each culture cannot be passed on; a degree of self-sufficiency, of isolation, is important for cultural development; too easy diffusion may mean complete dissipation. Moreover, the accumulation of knowledge, inventions, scientific observations, which enriches the heritage of humanity as a whole, is only partial; though much does heap up, much is also lost. Furthermore, an

underlying set of motives, a *thema*, as Dr. Henry Murray has recently called it in psychology, can be detected in such a complex mass of experience as a culture. So far Spengler's intuition was sound.

But to assume that only one *thema* accounts for all the manifestations of a culture is to ignore the existence of survivals and mutations: the first, dating back to human pre-history, make up the mass of every historic culture, while the second condition its future. Spengler's views of the relation of the "idea" to the actualities of a culture carry his convenient mysticism to the pitch of high nonsense: he actually asserts that the "idea" produces the culture—a piece of fantastic platonism that no modern man can swallow. Medieval people, for example, were not medievalists: what we call medievalism is something that we discover after the fact, as a common element in thoughts and actions that proceeded from quite different premises than a belief in the medieval idea. The latter belongs to us.

Passing from his conception of the springtime phase, Spengler pointed out that the Western European was about to enter the frigid state of winter. Poetry and art and philosophy were no longer possible; civilization meant for Spengler the deliberate abdication of the organic and vital elements, and the reign of the mechanical, the desiccated, the devitalized. The region was shriveling to a point: the world city, megalopolis. The earth itself was being plated with stone and steel and asphalt, and the individual was becoming an atom in a formless mass of humanity. To succeed in terms of civilization, one must be hard: what remained of life, if one could call it life, belonged to the engineer, the business man, the soldier.

This belief in the approach of civilization's cold winter has, for reasons I shall come to shortly, fascinated many of our contemporaries. Hence it is important to realize, not so much the illegitimacy of the poetic figure itself, as the even deeper unsoundness of the grand division that Spengler makes between culture and civilization by putting them at opposite ends of his cycle. These two terms represent the spiritual and the material aspect of every society, but the fact is that one is never found without the other. The overdevelopment of fortifications and castles in the fourteenth century, for example, was as much a mechanical fact as the overdevelopment of subways is in our present order, though one belongs to a feudalism of blood and caste, and the other to finance capitalism. So again the building of new towns on rectangular plans was as much a characteristic of the earliest spring of Faustian culture as it was of the autumnal period of the nineteenth century: even that "swaggering in specious dimensions," which Spengler dates from the Alexandrine period of a culture (the Colossus of Rhodes, the twentieth-century skyscraper) is equally visible in the Italian cities of the fifteenth century.

At the other end of the scale Spengler's conclusions

are just as perverse. If real poets, real artists, real philosophers exist today, then some other alternative may be left than that of embracing the "hard" life over whose fatal approach Spengler becomes so lyric. Spengler's answer to this is so openly naïve that one almost compliments it by calling it childish: it is merely to pronounce anathema on the creative activities of our time, to find it all imitation, pastiche, inferior stuff. Needless to say these are not competent judgments, achieved by sympathetic examination of the works of art themselves; they follow from the theory, and are proved by the very doctrine they are called upon to support—that alone. The profound psychological intuitions of a Freud, the novels of a Mann, the architecture of a Frank Lloyd Wright—these things, for Spengler, must be outweighed today by the cold triumphs of technical organization. To have reasons for a contrary belief would be to undermine the two great piers that support the fragile arch of Spengler's cultural cycle: the essential separateness in space and time of culture and civilization. This duality, by the way, shows how far, despite all use of living symbols, Spengler's philosophy is from being organic.

To give Spengler's philosophy in these bare outlines is to do small justice to the rich texture of his thought. But one would need a whole volume to disentangle the keen intuitions and the profound historic discriminations that Spengler made in this work from the maze of superstitious dogmas and rickety "facts" to which the sound parts of his thought are joined.

Spengler wrote, as a pamphleteer must write, in a great hurry: six years was a short time for the composition of a book of "Der Untergang's" intellectual dimensions—and pretensions: a book begun when he was only thirty-two. In his hurry, he was forced to piece out his real erudition with snatches of knowledge grabbed from encyclopedias and similar works of reference: the result is a great unevenness in the quality of his supporting illustrations. Often his most important doctrines, as in his comments on the critical importance of mechanical time-keeping, are based on unreliable texts; and the actual historic facts are often carelessly used—or spurned—or hacked apart in queer shapes to fit his particular need at the moment.

Nevertheless, as a work of historical synthesis, "The Decline of the West" was a challenging, perhaps an epoch-making book: its originality outweighs its many defects. To do justice to Spengler's permanent contribution one must understand that his attempt to order history and penetrate its processes was the very work that Henry Adams, after formulating his abortive phase-rule, had given up in despair. No one else had made the attempt, on a grand scale, since Auguste Comte, though Mr. Stuart Glennie had done some suggestive study on the periodicity of world history and the contemporaneity of great events. The ordinary his-

torians collected and verified facts, without venturing to suppose that there might be any underlying rhyme or reason in them. The notion of progress had indeed made a deep impression upon popular consciousness, and in so far as most historians had a philosophy at all, it rested upon this formula: they assumed that the long results of time had been cumulative, in the direction of human improvement.

But the theory of inevitable improvement betrayed the historian's one virtue: his sense of fact. For, in its confident optimism, it failed to account for the partial discontinuity of cultures, for the falling out of valuable elements, for the reversions from civilization to barbarism that had so often occurred, for the de-building and destruction that had made the whole line of progress so erratic, indeed so questionable.

Even when these facts were acknowledged with reference to the past, the historian complacently assumed that the growth of modern science had, by its conquest of time and space and energy, made any such break or barbarism impossible in modern civilization. Annoyed by Spengler's audacious efforts to achieve synthesis and to put the history of mankind's great culture on a comparative basis, they resorted to the pious academic practice of pointing out the inevitable errors of fact. Shocked by his prophecies of doom, they countered with the thought that man at last was a reasonable animal, subject to the ministrations of the health officer and the policeman, beyond the reach of the business cycle, to say nothing of Spengler's more remote cultural cycle. But meanwhile fascism was spreading and the disintegration of Western culture was proceeding rapidly beneath the surface in Italy and Germany: actual history was preparing Spengler's pragmatic justification.

Moreover, Spengler's contemptuous attacks upon the methodology and philosophy of the conventional historians were in part well directed: he properly mocked at their provincial categories of Ancient, Medieval and Modern; he exposed the unconscious imperialism of a history that treated the experiences of the major portion of mankind as a mere background for Western Europe; he demonstrated the necessity of assuming, by an act of the imagination, a point of view within the culture under observation, in order to understand the dynamics of events and the configurations of the pattern of life within that culture.

In all, Spengler had much to teach the historian and the sociologist; for them he is still worth close study. Spengler's central doctrines, indeed, need revision and restatement; much must be thrown out completely, yet what remains is worthy of respect: intuitions, generalizations, formulas that are very nearly of the first order. But, like Carlyle, Spengler worshiped the man of action too sincerely to be content with his own role as philosopher. Though his philosophy demonstrated that ideas and ideologues are impotent to change actual events, Spengler wanted to be a maker of history; by maledic-

tion and objugation, by shouted warnings and hysterical appeals, he sought to impose his philosophy upon his generation.

To get the real drift of the "Untergang," one must read the pamphlets that are all Spengler published in the years that followed: here the hidden aim is unveiled. In "Man and Technics," in "The Hour of Decision," in his "Collected Essays," Spengler divested himself completely of the pretensions of scholarly judgment; he beat a frenzied tattoo on the drum, attempting to summon together the forces of reaction. For Spengler was no Aristotle; he was rather the active prophet of that barbarian revolution whose name was fascism in Italy, Nazism in Germany and totalitarianism everywhere. His "The Decline of the West," in its very characteristics as a work of art, was an image of the fascist states that were to be erected during the next two decades; their irrationalities, their phobias, their comical limitations were all present in that work. Spengler's anathemas against humanitarianism and liberalism and pacifism, in the very hoarse stridency in which they were uttered, set the tone for Hitler and Goebbels—if a great historian could curse like a fishwife at his opponents, why need a mere politician restrain himself? In intellectual and emotional content, Spengler's utterances exhibit the same neurotic traits that one finds in the more popular expositions of fascism.

Few could understand Spengler's book when it was published, except those who were already in critical possession of its irrational basis and who knew how deeply this basis was laid in German thought: in Fichte, Hegel, Wagner, Treitschke, Houston Chamberlain. Those who did understand it, however, were not unprepared to grasp the shape of things to come; in particular, they had an early insight into what has now become a sinister world problem: the pathology of the German mind.

If Veblen's exploration of "Imperial Germany" gives the best account of that mind from the outside, Spengler's book serves admirably to record its solecisms from the inside. That fact gives "The Decline of the West" a peculiar significance for the present generation. For in this book, with its stertorous savagery and its gleeful delight in the surrender of thought to military necessity, the downfall of the West—or at least the downfall of Germany—was enacted before the eyes of the world. Modern German culture in a sense reached its apogee in this book; and at that very moment it sank, as it has now sunk under Hitler, into a slough of barbarism: this was *der Untergang* in very fact.

The capital vice of Spengler's book was that it reinforced two elements that needed resistance rather than aid: one was the massive inertia of our national states and exploiting empires, still clinging to the automatisms of war, and the other was the growing dominance of the irrational. People who had lived in a

state of extreme tension for years were delighted to be told that the need for humanitarian struggle was over; those who had sought to humanize the machine, to integrate institutions more firmly with human needs and purposes, could now throw off the burden of moral action; "history" sanctioned it. In various passages Spengler had muttered darkly about the devilry of the machine and had prophesied the "flight of the born leader from the machine," but this was offset by his more general doctrine of the approaching transformation of our whole Western society into a soulless mechanism, worked by soulless men.

But if values are unreal and if humane purposes are chimerical, something else follows: the need for rational restraint disappears. To believe what one likes; freely to substitute myth for fact and lies for truth; to recognize no other law than one's subjective fantasies; to abandon all efforts at rational intercourse and rational coöperation, with their need for common objective standards; to reject all those efforts at common well-being that the democracies of the Western World had painfully struggled toward for over a century—all these attitudes now had a historic and philosophic sanction. And the Germans, in whose intellectual composition the shadow side has occupied a large place, took over wholeheartedly this aspect of Spengler's thought; they accepted the fact that the irrational exists and must be reckoned with as a motive for espousing it—which is like accepting the existence of a fire as a reason for pouring gasoline on it instead of water. Plainly, the inscrutable and the irrational are not discoveries of modern man; the world was inscrutable to Job, and in Plato's figure of the black horse and the white horse, the force of the irrational in human conduct was fully acknowledged, just as in the beliefs of Thrasymachus Plato exposed to daylight the dark anti-human cult of power. It remained for the Nazis to make an idol of irrational violence: they gloried in it. Spengler set the example by his very manner and method; he not merely predicted the arrival of the gangster-dictator; he provided him with intellectual weapons; he outlined his program and his goal.

When one understands the sources of Spengler's philosophy of history one should not be surprised by the turn events have taken during the past decade—nor yet by the fact that Matthew Arnold's barbarians in England have at last entered openly into league with Spengler's barbarians in Germany. Spengler embodied the peculiar strength and the pathological weakness of the German people perhaps better than any other contemporary thinker has done. When Spengler spoke contemptuously of the nerveless socialists of the world-megalopolis, unwilling to defend themselves against the threatening Cæsarism, he was thinking of his own "Pappenheimer." His words accurately prophesied the débâcle of Germany; they did not in the least apply to Madrid, nor did they give an inkling into the spirit in

which the Czecho-Slovaks would have faced terrible odds, had it not been for their outright betrayal.

Like Hitler, Spengler ignored all those brave tendencies in German life which allied it to the world humanism of modern society: forces which, during the false dawn that followed the Locarno treaty, gave Germany undisputed leadership in creative thought in science, in architecture, in city building. Spengler accepted as "real" only those elements which emphasized the German's isolation, his apartness, his savage irrationality; and because these forces, too, cannot be confined to their frontiers, he predicted, better than more

hopeful philosophers, the disastrous downward course that modern civilization is now following, at a steadily accelerating pace. Through its emotional impact, Spengler's work as a whole constitutes a defiant Saga of Barbarism. It began as a poem of defeat; it finally became an epic justification of that renunciation of the human and the rational which makes the fascists of all countries, under the leadership of Nazi Germany, the avowed enemies of the rest of the race. These are ominous days and Spengler is like a black crow, hoarsely cawing, whose flapping wings cast a gigantic shadow over our whole landscape. LEWIS MUMFORD

Berlin Sends Radio Greetings

ALTHOUGH a good deal is being printed about German radio propaganda to South America, the United States need feel no pangs of envy. Herr Goebbels, in his democratic fashion, has not been neglecting us. The powerful DJD station, located at Nauen just outside of Berlin, is sending over six hours of daily short-wave programs. South America gets no more. At Zeesen, where the station has its transmitter, a special reflector capable of concentrating power in any specific direction has been installed. The result is that, given decent weather conditions, DJD comes across clear as a bell not only to New York but right into San Francisco.

German papers in this country are urged to reprint DJD schedules. But even if they refused, the Radio Rundfunk Gesellschaft would still manage to keep a considerable number of its American sympathizers posted on its broadcasts. For, once a month, Nazi steamers dock here loaded with thousands of copies of a North America Program, printed in parallel columns of English and German, which catalogues the short-wave programs for the entire coming month and is mailed directly to the huge address list the Nazis have contrived to build up in this country.

The October number of this short-wave bulletin is far and away the most interesting issue this writer has yet seen. Although slightly honeyed here and there, it still adds up to the most outspoken statement of German radio policy to date. And modestly tucked away as a slip-in is a DJD announcement so provocative that the Federal Bureau of Investigation has been prodded into action.

This announcement has to do with a photography contest. Before anyone can get into the running for the Goebbels Grand Prix in this contest, he must first live up to "Ten Ordinary Conditions." A couple of them are obviously dull and self-explanatory: Anyone may enter the contest, the deadline falls on December 18, etc. A deeper purpose begins to appear in Rule 5: "Snapshots are desired not only of individuals but espe-

cially of groups, large or small, in *the act of listening in to the German short-wave broadcast.*" (Italics theirs.)

But the one which is given the most space and which, we suspect, sent the FBI out on its little scouting tour is Ordinary Condition No. 3:

All pictures must be realistic representations of *the listener's native environment and atmosphere* [italics theirs]: i. e., it must be apparent at a glance that the pictures have been taken in Brazil, Africa or in the United States. As an appropriate background for the photo it is necessary to select a landscape, characteristic landmarks, or some other motive peculiar to the country in question.

In addition, a description of the scene and date of picture must be written on the back of the print.

One might, for instance, think of the Grand Coulee Dam as "a motive peculiar to this country." Certainly, the United States is the only place where Langley Field might be called a "characteristic landmark." For all we know, a neat profile shot of certain TVA machinery might rate four stars in this Hitler sweeps. And were those two German steamship agents recently picked up in the Canal Zone with concealed cameras only trying to win first prize?

We are not trying to make out the silly case that every entrant in this contest is a Nazi spy. But the rules do hem them in in such a way that they might conceivably be sending pictures valuable to the Reich military for potential sabotage purposes.

There are no further contests listed, but the Nordamerika (Zone V) Program has its other points. After a mystical hunch of Hitler's about the origins of art and a preamble written in a brisk, banner-year tone, we come to a statement of radio policy effective October, 1938:

In the future more than in the past, the German Short-wave Station will be characterized by five great tasks which it has set itself:

1. The cultivation of the eternal values of German culture in word and sound.

2. The presentation of national character and customs in the homeland hours with special reference to those districts from which large numbers have emigrated to all parts of the world.

3. The presentation of modern Germany in its totality.

4. The consideration of Germans and German culture overseas, in itself, and also giving special broadcasts in co-operation with Germans overseas.

5. The bridge between nations. These broadcasts which are almost entirely in English comprise practically every type of broadcast: orchestra music, operas, choirs, songs, lectures, chats, dialogues, ceremonial addresses on national holidays, representative radio series, radio plays and performances of foreign classics are included.

Needless to say, "As before, daily news will be the central point about which the varied contents of the program . . . is arranged." But to decide that these five great tasks amount to nothing more than this central point would be oversimplifying Herr Goebbels' craftsmanship. As a matter of fact, only one-sixth of the broadcasts are devoted to straight news. There seem to be at least two additional aims running through this quintet.

The first is to win the allegiance of overseas Germans in this country by stirring up within their hearts a sentimental longing for the old *Heimat*. With propaganda chock full of the "spiritual affinity," etc., of all its folk, Berlin realizes that the Germans in this country comprise the most fertile ground for its American base.

The particular trick used to drum up nostalgia is to play fortissimo on localism. Thus, an hour of Harz folk music and customs entitled, "My Home Is in the Harz," came over on October 17; on October 25, "Wanderer, If You Come to Bavaria"; on October 7, "Silesia," etc. There is one series of broadcasts directed from different German cities to their namesakes in America.

The second main objective brings us to *Der Bruckenschlag von Volk zu Volk*, or "the bridge between nations." This almost completely English section is the appeal, of course, for the support of the first and second-generation German-Americans plus native-born Americans who do not speak German.

The chief method of currying the favor of these listeners appears to consist of an adaptation to the American scene. On October 18, therefore, Alaskans were honored with an "Alaska Day" program. On October 24 it was "Way Down in Old Louisiana"; in November it was "Beautiful Missouri."

Other tactics are also used in connection with both the objectives mentioned. A fair amount of concert music is played "to counterbalance the heavy demands of the times." (Can this be penitence?) Ballads, sketches and scenes from classic plays are also given. An especially effective stunt is the sending of Birthday Greetings to listeners here in German, English, French or Spanish, depending on the nationality of the recipient. Frequently these greetings come as a complete

surprise to the honored one because the entire business has been neatly arranged by an agent.

It is only after these first two objectives have created a sympathetic hothouse that the Radio Rundfunk's most heavily scented flower can bloom at top speed. This third aim is the laying down of a political line ready for immediate practice.

The most important way in which this is done is through news-coloring: German supremacy, the Bolsheviks Are Coming, Jew-baiting and the rest of Hitler's invidious staples are all trotted out. However, with the exception of such periods as the Munich days, it is not the primeval shrieks of Julius Streicher that we hear but a fairly suave and far more cunning approach. Instead of trying to headline their particular grievance of the moment, they lead up to it with dull announcements about innocuous events. For example:

The weather here is cold and rainy but it is expected that tomorrow will be clear and warmer. . . . Killian and Voepel, the German bike team, won the six-day Chicago race. . . . Latest statistics to reach us show that rape, arson, communism and theft have risen sharply in the City of New York, of which Fiorello LaGuardia is mayor. . . . The crop for next year looks good. . . .

In addition, there is The Press Review, a globe-circling affair which culls quotations from newspapers of other countries. The sources are frequently obscure provincial journals, but as long as they print pro-Hitler sentiments DJD asks for nothing more.

Supporting this front page of spot news is an extensive array of feature-section programs which are pure and simple propaganda. Lectures are given on the Hitler Youth, the Labor Service as a Cultural Accomplishment, Education under National Socialism, etc. Special occasions such as German Day and Armistice Day are dedicated to the virtues of Nazism. Incidentally, the recent Armistice Day program was given in honor of "those who died that National Socialism might live."

There is a well planned letter-answering session. On one program a German woman in this country had enclosed a clipping in a letter angry with charges about the article's injustice to Hitler. To this the announcer replied: "Your American newspapers illustrate very well what freedom of the press means. It means sensational stories and lies. And the pity of it is that the children in the schools are taught to preserve it."

The big question, of course, is just how much of a dent is this broadcasting making in the United States? It is true that on a worldwide scale German short-wave broadcasting is well in the lead at the present time. According to a reliable source, up to a few months ago short-wave listeners were sending the Reich some 50,000 letters a year. Our own NBC was trailing with 20,000 and Italy was third with 16,000.

However, to maintain that the Radio Rundfunk is as successful in the United States as it is in, say, South

America, would be nonsense. German broadcasting does not have the elaborate technical facilities here that it has in Chile or Brazil. Furthermore, unlike Central America, in this country Germany cannot resort to the selling of dirt-cheap radio sets so constructed that they receive Nazi broadcasts only.

Besides we still have Arturo Toscanini and Charlie McCarthy; German entertainment simply cannot hold a candle to the American network program. Their sketches are unbelievably dull. The acting is consistently hammy. Their attempts at the American idiom

lend themselves to satire. Athletic equipment is referred to as "sporting tools"; "hot air" is considered a synonym for fast entertainment.

But do not pooh-poo this transatlantic station. One of its slogans may catch on. Its American promotional work may win it many new listeners. More and more local Nazi sympathizers may turn to it for guidance. By itself DJD may not cause even a beer-hall *Putsch*. But it is a part of the most sinister movement in the world. It should be closely watched.

DANIEL LANG

Mr. Roosevelt's Undeclared War

CHANGES of tremendous importance are now taking place in the field of American foreign policy. For two reasons, they have not had the attention they deserve. The first of these is that they have coincided with extremely dramatic happenings in Europe, which have diverted our attention. The second is that there has been no public announcement about them. The policy has to be inferred from the acts.

It seems to me quite clear that Mr. Roosevelt is now engaged in a sort of undeclared war of his own against the Fascist triumvirate, Germany, Italy and Japan. This war is economic and political. I am sure he has no intention of transferring it to the military sphere, would be horrified at the suggestion and would be even more horrified if matters got out of his hands and the country rolled downhill into a fight. He hopes by his present acts to accomplish two things: first, to frighten the dictators, whom he regards as bullies who can be out-bluffed as bullies always can; and second, to put a little backbone into the leaders of the so-called democracies of Europe, and notably Mr. Chamberlain. I have no desire to suggest that these are bad things to do, in themselves. I believe it is possible to frighten the dictators; and nothing could be more valuable in Europe at the present time than to make Mr. Chamberlain braver, in so far as his policy is based upon timidity. I think it is important, however, that we should realize what the President's foreign policy is, and that the American people should have a chance to indicate, before it is too late, to what degree they are willing to support it.

That Mr. Roosevelt has long wanted to take action of this general type is an open secret. He tried to have the Neutrality Act written so that he could on his own hook discriminate between an aggressor and a victim, and apply economic pressure—"sanctions"—to the former. When he did not get his way, he sought to rewrite the law with a speech, the famous Chicago pronouncement about the necessity of quarantining the aggressor. His remarks created so much alarm and protest that he dropped the subject for the time, but he did not forget it. Last summer he pledged the United States

to go to war if Canada were attacked. There are persistent reports, never denied, that many months ago the President wanted to have Great Britain and the United States join in a long-distance blockade of Japan. The President, a lifelong student of naval strategy, wished Great Britain to shut off Singapore while we would close the Panama Canal. With a simple patrol line in the Pacific based roughly on Alaska, Hawaii and Singapore, he believed foreign supplies of essential materials for Japan, such as scrap metal, oil and cotton could be shut off. The British, who had their hands full in Europe, are said to have discouraged the idea.

Even before that, as far back as the beginning of the Italian conquest of Ethiopia, it is believed that the President suggested to the British joint action for applying sanctions to Italy without waiting for the League to do anything. But the British didn't want Italy to be stopped. They wanted her to be annoyed just enough, as it turned out, to throw her into the arms of Germany and thus come to joint dominion over Europe.

The latest chapters in the story are a matter of the past week or two. Anthony Eden, who remains a good British Tory although not now a member of the government, came to this country. Mr. Eden, it should be noted, has but one fixed principle in foreign affairs, which is to cling to the United States first and forever. He had a long private talk with Mr. Roosevelt. A few days later, the United States and Great Britain simultaneously announced loans to the Chiang Kai-shek government. This act was interpreted by Japan, amid howls of rage, as interference in her undeclared war.

Hard on the heels of this came the episode of Secretary Ickes' speech, in the course of which he repeated his familiar denunciation of the dictators. When Hitler made his customary demands for an apology, Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State—quite properly, in my opinion—made one of the stiffest replies in the history of our diplomacy, all but repeating what Ickes had said. If the United States and Germany had not already recalled their ambassadors, they would certainly have done so after this incident.

The President, we are told, intends to ask for many thousands of additional military airplanes—perhaps as many as 13,000. No competent military expert will support the view that we need any such number, or more than half that many at most. The army and navy are gravely worried lest they be saddled with a huge air armament that will rapidly grow obsolete while the taxpayers go on strike because of its excessive cost. While the report of the planes may have been exaggerated, there is no doubt at all about the President's intention to train 20,000 civilian pilots every year, thus duplicating each twelve months the total number of flyers the country now possesses, both civilian and military. These 20,000 will not be taught combat maneuvers, but they will constitute an invaluable reserve, by far the largest in the world. Moreover, the best of them each year will be invited to go on into post-graduate work in the army and navy air schools.

What is the purpose of this sudden vast proliferation of airplanes and men to fly them? It seems to me clear that the President has set out on a desperate lone adventure to rescue democracy from the advancing Nazi flood. Mr. Chamberlain has pleaded that he was forced to capitulate at Munich because of German superiority in the air. Very well, says Mr. Roosevelt, I'll call your bluff. I'll provide the democratic nations with an overwhelming reserve of airplanes and flyers, and throw the influence of the United States into the scale. If Mr. Chamberlain is sincere, he will welcome our help and will change his course. If he is insincere, it is well to have that fact proved before the world.

What I have said is not meant to suggest that the President has for a long time carried a firm and unalterable secret conviction that the United States should attempt to dominate the foreign policy of Great Britain and France by forcing action hostile to the Fascist bloc. I am certain that he has acted in individual cases mainly on impulse. The underlying policy may be much more dim at some times than others, may even at intervals disappear altogether. It is really a matter of the "watershed" of the President's mind, which runs much more in one direction than another.

If proof is needed that he does not pursue a fixed and settled policy, you have it in the huge inconsistencies of his conduct in the past two years. He professes to abhor Fascist dictatorships, yet in the two wars they are carrying on, he has thus far done much more to aid them than their victims. For eighteen months he has permitted a vast trade in vital war material sent from this country to Japan. Nothing has been done to hinder it except Secretary Hull's warning about airplanes, which did not come until Japan had bought about all she could afford. The Neutrality Act, invoked at the beginning of the conflict, would have hurt China little and Japan a great deal. As it is, we have been Japan's secret ally during all this time.

In Spain, the President's record is even worse. He

has continued to sell arms and ammunition freely to one side—the Fascist aggressors, Germany and Italy—but he has withheld them from the Spaniards who are fighting the very battle for democracy to which he has paid such distinguished lip-service. For various reasons, including the desire to go along with the Chamberlain government, plus pressure from some domestic groups such as the Catholics, he caused special changes in the law in order to give the color of legality to cutting off supplies to the Loyalists. He has done much to help the Fascists win in Spain, in spite of the fact that such a victory would mean a death blow to his own cherished plans for "hemispherical solidarity" in the New World.

Let me repeat, what the President is now doing in the effort to challenge the dictators, and to push Great Britain toward a similar challenge, may prove the wise course and indeed the course that will mean our own self-preservation. I am concerned chiefly to point out the facts, and to suggest the possible dangers inherent in a policy created as ours has been and is being. After all, it is quite likely that someone else will be President after 1940. The discontinuity of policy between one President and another is likely to be far greater than between one Congress and another.

The present situation seems to me to underline the need for the plan proposed in *The New Republic* some months ago: a plan for a joint congressional committee on foreign affairs which would continuously consult the President and be consulted by him in the working out of American policy. This is not to say that all negotiations must be carried on in public; such a committee as is suggested could work in camera with the President and the State Department, and would form a link between them and Congress quite as useful to the executive branch as to the legislative. It is obvious that foreign policy cannot be democratically controlled from day to day, or even from week to week. It is impossible to summon the national legislature every time you want to send a note to a foreign government. A large degree of delegated authority is inevitable on the short-term view. In the long run, however, from year to year and from decade to decade, it is not only possible but desirable that Congress should have an important hand in conducting foreign affairs, far greater than is found in the present use of the Senate to ratify treaties.

To say that new machinery is not needed since Congress alone has the power to declare war is just nonsense. Congress has the power of a rubber stamp, to approve a declaration of war after it has been made inevitable by acts of the President, secret or public, wise or foolish, extending over years. I am not at all sure that a congressional committee would embody all the wisdom, all the moderation of the ages. I am sure, however, that it would come much closer than does our present machinery to the ideal of a democratic foreign policy carrying out the wishes of a democratic people.

BRUCE BLIVEN

Citizens of Tomorrow

DURING THE WEEK of school holidays between Christmas and New Year's, 1,000 delegates from high schools and colleges all over the country met in New York City for the fourth annual convention of the American Student Union. They represent, according to the official figure of the ASU secretariat, 20,000 students who compose the national membership.

It was an impressive meeting. A college under-graduate needs a large measure of devotion to the ideal of "making Democracy work" to give up a program of holiday tea-dances in order to travel across the continent (as several did) for the ardors of a four-day routine of committee meetings, sociological field trips and plenary sessions. Yet there they were, 1,000 young men and women, crowded into the classrooms of City College's downtown branch on Twenty-third Street, busily burrowing into the problems of national defense, Pan-American good neighborliness and union organization.

The ASU convention was remarkable for the top-flight quality of its discussions. Roberts' Rules of Order are a disheartening wet blanket on any sort of spirited debate. The size of the discussion groups was too big for convenience, and the young chairmen hardly professional experts at the job of keeping the conversation in fruitful channels. Despite the technical difficulties, the committees I attended were well informed, informative and exciting.

But the keynote of the convention (to coin a phrase) was its high enthusiasm. It would have been odd, I suppose, if these thousand delegates, nearly all of them less than twenty-two years old, had moped about with long, post-Munich faces. But in a world that has most of their elders soberly wagging their heads, the ASU members are remarkably confident, clear-headed and noisy. Their enthusiasm reached its peak at the jambo-ree in the huge Jumbo-jai-alai auditorium of the Hippodrome (seating capacity 4,500) which was filled to its loftiest tier. There were a quintet of white-flanneled cheer leaders, a swing band and shaggers doing the Campus Stomp ("... everybody's doing it, ASU-ing it") and confetti. There were ASU feathers and buttons, a brief musical comedy by the Mob Theatre and pretty ushers in academic caps and gowns. All the trappings of a big-game rally were present, and the difference was that they were cheering, not the Crimson to beat the Blue, but Democracy to beat Reaction.

To me it bordered just alongside the phony. ASU spirit is fine, I'll grant, and it may be desirable to demonstrate that normal, healthy college boys and girls can be interested in international affairs, but who is to be convinced? No one will join the organization to find a shag partner. If he does he is unlikely to contribute much to a discussion of whether the Neutrality Act needs amendment.

But these were only surface trimmings. What did the delegates decide? Of all the discussion, the most heated was on America's foreign policy. The prevalent temper of the convention was that the United States ought to be a "positive," "vigorous" force acting in support of "peace and democracy" all over the world. Just what specific action this policy requires of the United States remained fairly blurred. But, for first steps, the ASU recommends revision of the Neutrality Act to give the President wide discretion. It urges vigilance against M-day plans which would suspend civil liberties and oppress labor in the name of mobilization for national defense, but at the same time it recognizes the need for an "adequate" army and navy. Just how much of what is "adequate" the convention modestly leaves to the judgment of a special fact-finding committee on arms.

The thinking of the ASU as a whole on foreign policy, I believe, is better than the official resolution that was passed. An extreme bloc of opinion, the same group that three years ago endorsed the rigidly pacifistic Oxford Oath, has swung over to the opposite extreme. Now it is inclined to feel that the United States can engage in a "holy war" which will somehow restore peace, democracy and sanity to the world. A clash of arms is, of course, the last resort. Economic boycotts and the bluff of large armies and navies, they hope, will be enough to stop the dictators. But the position logically implies a willingness to send American troops abroad to fight fascism when and if all other measures have failed.

On most other problems the ASU's official stand follows very closely the viewpoint of "progressives" of all ages. It supports the theory and practice of trade unionism, it demands the maintenance of civil liberties and abhors racial or religious discrimination. It is in favor of the aims of the New Deal policies, and hopes for an extension of the social-security, youth-education and public spending programs. Within its special province, the ASU calls for "democratization" of school administration and encourages the formation of campus coöperatives—such as eating coöps, book exchanges, laundry and living coöps—to lower the cost of education.

Formal resolutions, however, are not the most important thing. They reflect the general, majority spirit, but not the sharp thinking of individual delegates. Some of the ASU's official pronouncements are muddy, but I doubt that any convention of educators has been better informed or clearer-headed than this. "Building Citizens for Tomorrow" was one of the convention slogans. It was well chosen. The ASU delegates know what is wrong with their world. They have confident, brash opinions about what should be done and their faith in Democracy is fervent. They are the kind of citizens democracy so badly needs.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR.

Shoot the Works

Good Will to Men

I WENT OUT TO CHICAGO the day before Christmas Eve to help in the fight of the American Newspaper Guild against the Hearst lockout. To my great surprise the management and even the police were filled with Christmas cheer. When the pickets walked outside the plant as a protest against wholesale firings, the Hearst management generously responded by giving them "We Three Kings of Orient Are," "O Little Town of Bethlehem" and "Silent Night." Of course these carols were electrically transcribed, but they were amplified through loudspeakers in front of the Herald-Examiner Building so there was no doubt of the ardor of the publishers for peace on earth, good will to men as it is expressed in wax.

The voices of the Herald-Examiner angels were so loud that cries of protest from the picket line about cuts in the staff were well nigh drowned out. However, all the strikers I saw were quite ready to accept the terms as ground out by the Hearst gramophone. If the songs about the Nativity were sincerely offered, the lockout could be ended the first thing tomorrow morning. The Guild has always contended that a hearty relationship can be established between employees and employers on the simple formula of good will.

And this is not said in any sneering way, for the Hearst strikers were extremely appreciative and enormously buoyed up by the message contained in the Christmas issue of *The New World*, the Catholic weekly sponsored by Cardinal Mundelein. I single out one paragraph in the long story which appeared on the front page of that paper. It read, "A Happy and a Blessed Christmas to all our readers and a special prayer and word of encouragement to the Hearst employees who are on strike."

As a matter of fact, a number of the Guild members in Chicago are Catholics. Father John M. Hayes recently addressed a Guild meeting and was enthusiastically received. In fact, in all fairness to the Hearst management it has employed only fugitively and in a furtive way the device so popular with publishers during labor difficulties. It is common for an employer to say to employees who protest when suddenly cut off the payroll, "You must be Communists."

Even the police of Chicago seemed touched with the Christmas spirit in spite of the fact that a few weeks ago they savagely attacked the picket line. Cops, of course, are human beings like everybody else and I have never been in sympathy with those who call them cossacks. I have known too many policemen in their off-hours. And in almost all American cities policemen are desperately overworked and underpaid. It puzzles me that in watching labor disputes they are so slow to learn the lesson that what they need themselves is greater organization for mutual protection.

But I will admit that cops are curious. On many occasions I have seen the sudden transformation in a policeman's psychology which occurs when somebody in gold braid blows a whistle. Very vividly do I remember a slug-ging in the Socialist city of Milwaukee. On that particular line almost all the newspaper men and women pickets knew

the cops on a first-name basis. There was kidding back and forth in terms of "Jim" and "Bill" and "Charlie." Then suddenly a captain said, two minutes before the demonstration was due to end, "Go in and smash it up." In an instant the police were swinging clubs and fists and mauling men and women who up to then had been their friends.

Something not unlike this occurred in Chicago. When fifty or sixty strikers were picketing to the rhythm of the carols, and chanting "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Working Men," the cops stood by peacefully enough. One or two could even be detected grinning on occasion. They made no objection when a member of the management received a greeting upon leaving the building. The pickets took up the cry, "Solomon isn't wise." I imagine that the man who left the building is named Mr. Solomon but that is only a surmise as far as I'm concerned.

Certainly there was no interference when, in lulls between Christmas carols, the general principle "Don't be a scab" was enunciated. It so happens that I'm a Connecticut farmer and not used to the rigors of a Chicago winter and so after forty or fifty minutes my hands began to turn blue. I'd forgotten to bring my mittens and I was carrying a placard which read, "Hear Broun tonight at Orchestra Hall." After the first half-hour it felt a little heavy. A fellow-striker took pity on me and indicated a place around the corner where it would be possible to find rest and warmth. One or two others came along and we discussed strike strategy over the teacups. Finally it was suggested that although the mass-picketing period had ended we might go back briefly and join the two or three regulars on the line just to hold the franchise and indicate good intentions.

The Christmas hymns had been turned off by now and the cops were not so cheerful as before. Although Chicago residents, the lake breeze was beginning to get them. Don Stevens, leading the line, shouted to the empty air "Don't be a scab" and on that instant four policemen seized him and hurried him into the lobby of the Hearst Building. I started to follow on the run until I remembered that I had given my solemn promise to Connie not to spend Christmas in jail. However, I did walk into the group and took over the argument. It was the contention of a cop that peaceful picketing was allowed but that peaceful picketing meant silent picketing. Lieutenant McCarthy, in charge of the squad, was not intent upon so severe a legalistic ruling. "You can shout," he said, "but you can't insult anybody. You can't say 'Don't be a scab.'"

Quite mildly I advanced the argument that ours was the statement of a general principle and that if the shoe happened to fit anybody we could not help that. Finally I suggested, "Well, we can argue this out later and make a test case, but right now let's remember the Christmas spirit." To my great surprise they let Don Stevens go.

But just around the corner Dick Sellers was even more firmly arrested. In addition he had taken a slug on the jaw. The officer in charge this time was Sergeant Bernstein. We went over pretty much the same ground except that Sergeant Bernstein introduced a new note. "The trouble with this man," he said, "is that he's an agitator." This hurt my feelings and I expostulated, "Well, I'm an agitator too."

"Oh, no," replied Sergeant Bernstein with true Chicago hospitality, "you're an intelligent man."

I told him that I hoped to be an agitator when I grew up and I added a little theological theorizing to the effect that Christmas was itself a kind of agitation for good will to men. Either I was eloquent or the sergeant didn't want to take the long cold walk to the station house, but at any rate he let the prisoner go.

It is a pity that Mr. Hearst was not on hand to join in the good-will celebration. It is a mistake to single him out as a particular ogre among publishers. He isn't better but neither is he worse. William Randolph Hearst used to pride himself upon being a beat ahead of popular opinion. Now he is falling a beat behind. Most of the men and women whom his management has locked out are young. The young will win and the old will lose. We haven't got peace on earth or good will to men at the moment. But they are coming. Mr. Hearst should get on board.

HEYWOOD BROWN

Washington Notes

New Year Stock-Taking

THE ATMOSPHERE HERE is not unlike that of the hundred days of 1933. There is a feeling that almost anything may happen, and probably will. Excited doubts and hopes have been caught up by the administration's alleged preparedness-for-war program in the way an Iowa farmhouse is caught up by a twister. Because of its great importance, this department would like to try briefly to sift out the verifiable facts about it.

The President's opening message to Congress may help to clear up the present uncertainty. But as these Notes are written, the chief fact we have is that a program for bringing about a war economy in this country exists. High officials have been shown memoranda on it, have discussed it among themselves. "War economy" is a slippery phrase. The proposed program does not envisage anything remotely resembling Germany, Japan or Italy. It would mean, however, that the manufacture of airplanes and other weapons, and the construction of fortifications would become a substantial factor in American business.

At once we are faced with a mystery. Such a program exists, but, to the best of my belief, none of the ordinarily influential White House advisers is backing it. To name names, it is not being backed by Messrs. Hopkins, Corcoran, Cohen, Ickes, Jackson, the now undoghoused Wallace, Eccles or Morgenthau. The two most conspicuous advocates of preparedness here are Mr. Baruch—who lately has been recruiting Southern Democratic Senators to vote for Mr. Hopkins' confirmation—and Assistant Secretary of War Johnson. There is no clear evidence, however, that either inspired the administration's present ferment.

While none of the usual White House advisers, named above, is urging preparedness, there are some further things about their attitude that may be taken as facts. The first is that "this country must show Hitler. . . ." Since Munich, that phrase has been used in the presence of outsiders many times. What Hitler must be shown has varied, according to the speaker, from the unwisdom of meddling in South

America, to the fact of democracy's continued vitality.

In my opinion, the emotion behind this phrase is deep and strong. It is accompanied by doubts about England that can be traced back to the Manchurian crisis, shortly before the New Dealers took power. At that time, it was said again and again that Mr. Stimson ought not to have waited on the then British Foreign Secretary, Sir John Simon, that England no longer had the resources nor energy to be a world leader, that this country must be in the twentieth century what England had been in the nineteenth.

This feeling that the United States must be a giant oak under whose branches lesser nations can take shelter has been slowly growing since the New Deal began, although without any very clear notion of how this end was to be achieved. It is buried in the substrata of most New Dealers' thinking. Munich was like a fire gong. For six years the New Dealers had been saying that England could no longer give direction to the world, that we would need to take over. To them, Munich signaled that it was time for the American hose cart and fire engine to roll.

A second fact is that the White House advisers do not want to cut government spending until it is certain that recovery's gears have meshed. At the moment, the White House advisers, in discussing the November election, subscribe to the official "local-conditions" doctrine: that wherever New Deal candidates were defeated it was not because of their New Dealism but on account of local conditions. When you remember what conditions were in New Jersey, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio and even Minnesota, this theory seems largely correct. But the men about the President are intellectuals, not politicians. Their interest is in economic and social controls, not postmasterships. Privately what impressed them is that the November defeats followed a slump in 1938, which followed a cessation of government spending in 1937. They mean to avoid a second dip before 1940.

This again is something on which the White House advisers feel deeply. The only remaining anti-spending—or more precisely, anti-deficit—group within the administration is that of the Treasury economists, chief of whom is Professor Viner. When, just a year ago, it was decided to resume spending, Mr. Viner resigned his advisory post in some indignation. He is now back, but the feeling towards him among the White House group is not exactly happy.

A third fact is the widely held conviction among White House advisers that the WPA has become a liability, and, when possible, should be demobilized. This is not the about-face that some critics imply. What these critics have forgotten is that, under the 1935 law that created it, the WPA was supposed to be scarcely more than a coordinating agency. One of its tasks, among many others, was to liquidate the old FERA. The burden of absorbing the unemployed, according to the intent of the law, was to be carried by the PWA and the traditional government departments, including War and Navy. The WPA was put into the relief business because of a fear that Mr. Ickes couldn't spend public-works money fast enough. His previous—1933—program had moved with glacierlike slowness, although with a glacier's gleaming purity. Mr. Hopkins was the boy who could shovel it out, and the shovel was hastily given him. Ever since then New Dealers have officially lamented the WPA's means test, and its inability to undertake heavy

construction. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the White House advisers are now partly motivated by the fear that it has become politically high explosive.

It is fair to say, in my opinion, that the White House group favors relatively heavy armaments, continued spending and some means other than the WPA for absorbing the unemployed. At present, I am personally convinced that the group opposes a great preparedness program. However, in trying to judge the future, these attitudes should be kept in mind. Since this is the season of prophecy, I should like to throw in my two cents' worth. If, during the next four or five months, Mr. Ickes' public-works program—and especially Mr. Straus's housing program—move fast enough to employ, directly or through orders to private business, about two-thirds of the present WPA rolls, the preparedness program will be forgotten. But if unemployment does not decrease, then those who dread and fear preparedness should watch sharp.

This leaves us with an unanswered question. If none of the usual White House advisers is sponsor for the preparedness program, how is it that it has suddenly become the focus of the administration's activities? You may recall that two years ago, when the Supreme Court reorganization plan was sent to the Senate, none of the White House group had seen it. No one had seen it, indeed, except Mr. Roosevelt, former Attorney General Cummings and one of the latter's assistants. The closest adviser to Mr. Roosevelt is Mr. Roosevelt himself.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Miss Frazier Will Out

IT SEEMS that Miss Brenda Diana Duff Frazier is now out. The cute young thing, whose chief claim to fame is that her dear papa left her \$8,000,000 in her own right, was introduced to the great world last week in a party at the Ritz which cost \$25,000. Of course already a couple of pulpit economists and several equally competent editorial-page economists have broken into lamentations over this sinful waste of money which could have been put to so much better use.

It reminded me faintly of the famous Bradley-Martin ball in my youth which cost \$250,000 in the good old days when a dollar was worth a dollar. That semi-comic extravaganza started an economic warfare between the preachers and editorial writers and the populist orators which lasted for months. All agreed it was mortal sin of the deepest dye. But some said it was good in that it put money into the hands of the milliners, seamstresses, workmen, waiters, caterers, greengrocers who supplied the substance and the service of the feast. But the editorial writers explained solemnly that this willful and unproductive spending merely withdrew money from productive investment and impeded the creation of wealth. Had not the Bradley-Martins thrown away their money on this monster clambake they would undoubtedly have bought more machines to put more men to work and manufacture more goods for the nation.

But alongside such a fiesta, Miss Brenda's tawdry \$25,000 soirée was Coolidgean in its economy. I depend for my statistics upon the data furnished by the society reporters. It seems that Miss Brenda has eight millions in the Chase National which she inherited from her papa or her grandmother or someone. But the Chase National is the trustee or guardian or something. Recently a court allowed Miss Brenda \$36,000 a year for her maintenance, obsolescence and depreciation. But as the day of her coming-out approached she wanted \$50,000 for the shindig. The good old Chase National, heavy with its Rockefeller traditions, was appalled at this and balked stubbornly. However, somehow the Chase National was gotten over—perhaps the Glamor Girl herself went down and made big-eyes at the old Trust Officer meany.

Anyhow \$25,000 was forthcoming and spent. But the ghost of Scrooge was on the party. There was, I thought, instead of extravagance, the pinch of the skimp on the arrangements. The head waiter went about continually counting the champagne bottles and muttering to himself, "Two bottles for every three persons." There must have been a frightful saving on flat-feet, since candid-camera bums swarmed all over the place, having crashed the gate in their rented tuxedos.

And it is this that worries me. I do not know how the eight million is invested. But I assume in the hands of the thrifty old Chase National it is fetching at least three percent in tax-exempts or the equivalent, which means \$240,000 a year. Now if Miss Brenda is scratching along on a pittance of \$36,000, with \$25,000 for coming out—which one does but once in a lifetime—what is happening to the remaining \$179,000? "Fool!" says the economic royalist, "the government is snatching it." But I am assuming now the money is all in tax-exempts.

Well, the answer, I think, is that the good old Chase is using it to buy more tax-exempts. If that is so, see how beautifully it all works out. Miss Brenda has eight millions. It is, of course, not in money but in government bonds. It draws, let us say, \$240,000 a year. Now of course this \$240,000 doesn't grow on trees. Somebody has got to produce something during the year which will make that \$240,000 possible for Miss Brenda. A lot of workmen and clerks and managers have got to create goods and money income. This income will flow around to various people. But in the process, the government will have to extract a dollar here and a dime there out of the gasoline price, out of the jewelry and beauty counters of the five-and-tens, out of the countless articles and incomes until it takes out of what all of us have produced \$240,000 for Miss Brenda. Now if the glamorous brat would just blow in all this \$240,000, things would be well enough. But there sits the grim old Chase, which has gone moral since Wiggin left it, and tells Miss Brenda she can spend only \$36,000 and she has to have a tantrum to get another \$25,000.

Then our dear government issues some bonds, thousands of them, to get money to pay out to the poor folk on relief. It sells the bonds to the Chase. The Chase honors them with a deposit entry, thus creating the new thousands. The government gives the money to the poor. The poor spend it instantly. Now the merchants have it. It's back in the Chase (and other banks) and Miss Brenda buys the bonds. Now the government owes her three percent a year on those

bonds and she has increased her claim upon the rest of us. For that is all her wealth is—a claim upon the production which the producing elements of the nation create. Now instead of finding \$240,000 a year for Miss Brenda, the government, as a result of her enforced parsimony, must find about \$245,000. And if the prudent management continues, the sum will increase continually.

There is always a hope. That is that some glamor boy will come along and grab off the glamor girl and oust the old Chase and proceed to administer the eight millions in the natural way. Or maybe the government will find a way to do away with tax-exempts and thus Miss Brenda's millions will be driven into some kind of investment and will be ultimately lost, as is fitting and proper and essential, after all, to the glorious old economic system under which the little darling flourishes.

Of course all this is based on society reporters' statistics. Maybe she hasn't got eight millions and maybe they are not in tax-exempts. Maybe she is getting more than \$36,000 a year and perhaps the big clambake did cost more than \$25,000. Let's hope that she hasn't, that they are not, that she does and that it did.

JOHN T. FLYNN

The Bauhaus—1919-28

WITHIN THE LAST TWO YEARS the word "Bauhaus" has been appearing more and more often in the American press. First we had the appointment of Walter Gropius, founder and former director of the Bauhaus, to the senior professorship of Architecture at Harvard; then, a few months later, the new Bauhaus American School of Design in Chicago; and now we have a Bauhaus exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art in New York.

Before 1935 the term had few associations for the American lay public. The photograph of the Bauhaus building in Dessau designed by Gropius was familiar to all interested in the major trends of new architecture. Few people knew or had seen more than that. Yet during the 1920's the Bauhaus and what it stood for represented the most vital node of controversy and influence in German and Central European art.

Today the term "Bauhaus" suggests first of all a teaching system intended by its originators to be the reverse of the usual "academic" approach. In the eyes of the men who founded the Bauhaus, the prevalent system of teaching art was based on an eclectic estheticism, on a heaping up of information, on a vicarious knowledge of technical processes and materials and on drawing-board realizations. It was based on books rather than on the use of one's eyes and hands. When Gropius undertook the directorship of the Bauhaus in Weimar—that was in 1919—he decided that the first thing necessary was to emphasize the five senses instead of the intellect. He felt that the students of the plastic arts must begin by grasping the physical nature of the materials they are working with, and must familiarize themselves, through actual experiment, with the basic laws of design. The method of teaching he introduced was a sort of Montessori system adapted to the capabilities of grown-ups, through which tactile, motor and other basic responses were exercised and developed.

This preliminary course was directly followed by a period of instruction in craftsmanship to train the hand and ensure

technical proficiency. Still the Bauhaus had no interest in being a crafts school. In Gropius' opinion such a term would have been a retreat into the past. For him the machine was the modern medium of design and he sought to bring his pupils to terms with it. He felt that the industrialized worker had lost contact with his materials and lost the sense of his tools. He felt that the academy had set up a barrier between the artist and the world of industry and handicraft, and that the artist and the technician had too long been held apart. Synthesis, in Gropius' opinion, was the solution—"coördinated instruction by two masters, one a craftsman and the other an artist."

The essence of Bauhaus teaching, therefore, was a renewed immediacy of contact with materials and technical procedures; and its goal was a correlation of all the processes of creation. As Gropius wrote in 1923, "the joy of building, in the broadest meaning of that word, must replace the paper-work of design."

The immediate product of such an approach was a study of rational design in terms of technics and materials. This was undoubtedly intended as only the first step in the development of a new and modern sense of beauty. Yet even out of this elementary research, as is evidenced by the current exhibition of the Museum of Modern Art, came some of the finest industrial designs of the present century.

In spite of this, however, the exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art can scarcely be said to do justice to the idea behind the Bauhaus and the influence it has exerted. Possibly the Hitler regime in Germany has made a wider representation of the Bauhaus collaborators impossible; or it may also be that problems of transportation or the unavailability of many logical exhibits forced the directors of the present exhibition to lay a seemingly unwarranted stress on the work of certain former Bauhaus masters at present in the United States. But a greater critical frankness and more stringent selection would have been less confusing to the general public. Also a more modest descriptive tone throughout the display might have made it clearer to the average visitor that a large proportion of the exhibition is constituted of classroom exercises or their equivalent, and not of free, mature technical or esthetic realizations.

JAMES JOHNSON SWEENEY

Mr. Otis Regrets

IT MAY BE my imagination but I don't seem to see anything worth talking about at this time. They have finally opened that bright Hitchcock film, "The Lady Vanishes," which no one who likes movies should miss and which, with an unusual degree of promptness and acumen in timing, I reviewed in the issue of October 19 (as of this fiscal year, however). And a reader has finally written in the following item of fan mail:

Dear, Dear Otis: Don't you ever get tired?

(signed) A READER

My answer, which awaits claim in the dead-letter office (Mr. Reader forgot his first name and address), should be a comfort to some:

Dear Reader: I sure, sure do.

(signed) OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Anthony Eden is gifted with "tone"—not what two generations ago was called "high tone"—the blare of the new rich—but rather that perfection of personality which in music is discovered in Toscanini's conducting. It is not only indescribable, but it is a thing of God to which men respond emotionally.

The genius of Anthony Eden is that, possessing this divine quality, he conveys the impression that England has it, too. — *George Sokolsky, writing in The New York Herald Tribune.*

With Fritz Kuhn, leader of the German-American bund, among his listeners, Congressman Martin Dies today compared the procedure of the House committee investigating un-American activities to that followed in prosecuting criminals—setting a thief to catch a thief. — *International News Service dispatch published in The Boston Daily Record.*

If Hitler has undertaken the solution of the Jewish question, it is for the reason that God has given to the German nation through its leader the mission to solve the Jewish question. When this problem is settled in Germany it will be settled in the whole world. . . . As long as a single Jew lives in the midst of the German nation, he is dangerous as a bacillus of the Jewish poison. But Germany never has used drastic measures in dealing with the Jews.

The country has always acted toward them in a human way and has not killed them off. — *From an address delivered by Julius Streicher at Cologne on the eve of the burial of Herr vom Rath, reported in The Cologne Gazette.*

Let Joy Be Unrefined

"If you have a job," he said, "be thankful. Millions envy you. You have come a long way. Don't retrogress. America needs unity now. What if you are underpaid? Know the joy of being worth more than you get—the pure joy of unrecognized superiority." — *The Rev. Stewart Martin Smith, quoted in The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette.*

Now to Manchuria for Winter Sports

Prince Chichibu has returned to Tokyo from the war in South China with his complexion tanned. — *News item in The Tokyo Asahi.*

Making-Democracy-Work Department

But even with its limitations, the Court of Claims is something for an American to regard with pride. It is democracy in action when a corporation claims and recovers \$16,000,000 [from the government], and a clerk in the Department of Agriculture, \$1.50 for lunch money. — *From an article by Edith M. Stern, published in Current History.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Addendum by the CP

SIR: Will you permit us a brief comment on Mr. Flynn's retort to my letter in The New Republic of December 21, 1938. Mr. Flynn uses our post-Munich position to justify his erroneous interpretation of our pre-Munich policy on armaments. This post-positive reasoning is hardly admissible. When Mr. Flynn wrote his original piece late in October, he had no evidence to support his contention that we favored heavy armaments. That we think we established in our letter.

However, after Munich our National Committee, at its meeting of December 3, taking stock of the new relationship of social forces nationally and internationally, changed and developed our policy on armaments. To quote from Earl Browder's report:

Prior to the Munich Pact, we declared that a correct peace policy by the United States, which would organize the overwhelmingly preponderant peace forces of the world, could quickly halt and remove the menace of fascist aggression without the necessity of a big armaments program for our country. We opposed the Naval Bill on those grounds, and because it became a substitute for a correct peace policy and an obstacle to the adoption of the correct policy. Now, the failure of the United States to adopt and follow energetically the policy we proposed has borne its fruits in the Munich Pact. Munich enormously increased the Fascist menace and brought it to the American continents in an immediate sense.

This argument on armament that was valid before Munich loses its force afterward.

It is the weakness of the forces for peace and democracy, responsibility for which is in part borne by the Flynn's and other opponents of concerted action, that has confronted the United States with a new situation. In that situation we urge the nation to say "yes" to the question of armaments on condition that this assent exact a guarantee that the armaments will be used "for the defense of the liberty and independence of our own and other peoples." . . .

ALAN HORTON, State Educational Department,
New York City N. Y. State Committee, Communist Party

Books That Changed Our Minds

SIR: . . . I never thought to see my old stand-by, The New Republic, demonstrate how much this is still a man's world. When one considers the changes in thinking in "the last thirty or forty years," can one leave out women?

My list perhaps begins too far back, but these books deeply influenced my thinking. . . .

Emerson's Essays (and some poems)

Walt Whitman: Leaves of Grass

Col. Francis L. Parker: Talks on Pedagogics (and his teaching)

George Bernard Shaw: Plays and Prefaces

Lester F. Ward (his Gynecocentric Theory)
 Thorstein Veblen: Theory of the Leisure Class
 Charlotte Perkins Gilman: Women and Economics
 Havelock Ellis: Marriage
 William James: Varieties of Religious Experience
 Frazer: Folk Lore of the Old Testament; The Golden Bough
 Reinhold Niebuhr: Moral Man and Immoral Society
 T. V. Smith: The Democratic Way of Life; The Promise of American Politics

Chicago, Ill.

CORA DE G. HEINEMAN

SIR: You did not ask us I know, but I cannot resist the temptation of sending in a list of ten suggestions which I would give to a rising young man in search of education. It is the choice of a Nationalist Conservative. Perhaps Anti-Liberal would be a better designation, since I prefer John Strachey to you people.

Leon Trotsky: The Russian Revolution
 Adolf Hitler: Mein Kampf (not in the horrible English translation)
 Sorel: Reflexions sur Violence
 Poincaré on Hypothesis
 Troeltsch: The Social Teaching of the Christian Churches
 Sombart: Deutscher Sozialismus, translated as a New Social Philosophy, and all his many other works, which choice gives me something in common with Lewis Mumford!
 Moeller van den Bruck: Das Dritte Reich. Why American liberals always pick up Spengler instead I have no idea.
 Bertrand Russell: Power (but not of course his conclusions in the last chapters)
 G. B. S.: Prefaces and some plays

And many others. Planck should be in under the science part and even Alexis Carrel did a good deal against Liberalism, but the list ought to go back in time: Nietzsche, Fichte, Machiavelli, Bacon, Pascal, Plato, Thucydides and Heraclitus.

Your idea is wonderful and very revealing. Keep publishing people's favorite books!

New York City

PHILIP JOHNSON

Reviewer on the Spot

SIR: About Philip Horton's review of my "Collected Poems" [The New Republic, December 21]—I'm not important but I'm not insignificant. Boy! that's pretty cagey shootin'. I wish I could split 'em that fine. I guess a fella has to write a biography before he gets that good! Big-shot stuff. I better watch my step from now on.

Oh well, it makes me think of a fish in a river, behind a rock where there's a back eddy. The whole river is going by him but his little part of it is going in the other direction so he's satisfied. It makes me smile. I swear I don't think Horton read the book at all. I can't believe that he did. For if he did how could he pick the things he did to comment on? It beats me.

There's a certain amount of justice in what he says. I acknowledge that, but if he had for one moment let himself go with the current of the book, if he had paid the least attention to the book as a thesis on the conception of form which it attempts to realize—if failingly—he could not have fallen into the pontifical manner which mars his first paragraph.

Or if by his dictum he would place me so low as between being of no importance but not quite insignificant, why did he lay himself out to get paid for a column and a half of sloppy thinking?

To hell with him. If he hadn't had Stevens to teach him how to look crookedly he wouldn't have had anything at all to say. Tell him to go wipe his nose.

Rutherford, N. J.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS

The Catholic Church in Politics

SIR: I am a Catholic, educated in parochial schools, and I can testify to the incredible methods which the Church hierarchy will use to achieve its ends. . . . Yesterday, under the pretext of joining in protest, *after* others had done so, on the Nazi outrages against the Jews, one of the Catholic bishops in his radio address took occasion to bring in the alleged persecutions of Catholics by the Spanish government. Anyone who has read about the origins of the Spanish conflict knows that the Catholic hierarchy is among those most responsible for consciously bringing about this tragedy. . . .

Boston, Mass.

LOUIS DEVOLDER

SIR: It seems to me that doughty warrior, Mr. Morris Ernst, has missed the point in his letter accusing Dr. Lehmann of biased reporting of the Catholic Church's position in the Frank Hague struggle. Dr. Lehmann does not deny that there are liberal, progressive Catholic individuals and organizations who stand on the side of law and decency in Jersey City. He makes it very clear that he is speaking of the Church hierarchy whose only canonical, legal voice is the Bishop. The Bishop and the whole weight of the Church's formal ecclesiastical power were thrown to the side of Hague. . . .

New York City

WILLIAM PATTERSON

Forward Pass to Mr. White

SIR: I think my old friend, William Allen White, can render a very important service to the American people if he will get those families in Emporia, who send three children through high school and eat meat once a day on an income of one thousand dollars a year [The New Republic, December 7], to give us a budget and tell us how to do it. If they have a little land and keep a cow and grow their fruit and vegetables, it can be done; but if they live on a city lot, it would be important to know something about their diet and its vitamin content, and what they do when they need a new tube for their radio set, what happens when a tire wears out on their car, and what they do when one of the boys needs a new sweater, or when he develops appendicitis. I am sure that millions of Americans would like to know how these matters are arranged.

William Allen White says that he favors evolutionary progress by the method of democracy. I hope he does not think I was trying to start an argument with him on that aspect of the matter. But before anybody sets out to "evolve," he has to know what he is going to evolve to, otherwise he may evolve the wrong way. All I want Bill White to say is that he is prepared to evolve to the social ownership and democratic control of the instruments and means of production.

Pasadena, Calif.

UPTON SINCLAIR

The Hundred-and-First Book

SIR: I take it that you are used to objections to your list of the one hundred notable books of the year [The New Republic, December 7] and that my objection to the fact that Harry Barnard's "Eagle Forgotten" was not included, will be one of many. But I do wonder at its non-inclusion, particularly since the book itself has had such a curious history. It was handsomely printed, well advertised, and it got almost unanimous praise from the critics (The New Republic review, while more qualified than the others, was quite warm). In spite of all this, including a first-page review in The New York Times, the book scarcely moved. It looks as though the peculiar fate of Altgeld will be repeated in the case of his biography. . . .

It does seem extraordinary to me that the life of a man who was so much at the front of the liberal cause in his day, and

so vilified for being there, should not find a wider reading among liberals of this day, for the treatment that was given Altgeld is being given in exactly the same doses to the Roosevelts and Murphys of our time.

Indianapolis, Ind.

LAMBERT DAVIS

The Jewish Pope

SIR: Our Catholic brethren will undoubtedly be pleased to learn that the successor of Saint Peter in Rome is a Jew. We have it on high authority, for it is no less a person than Julius Streicher, governor of Franconia, who has discovered the Jewish origin of the head of the Catholic Church. In an address, which this Franconian *Gauleiter* delivered at Cologne on the eve of the funeral of the assassinated Herr vom Rath and which was printed in the *Cologne Gazette* November 17, 1938, he stated that the reason why the Pope had opened his heart to the Jews is because Jewish blood flowed in his own veins. Lest any reader should doubt this statement of Adolf Hitler's adjutant, I will quote it in his own words and furnish the page on which he can find it: "Der Papst hat deshalb sein Herz für die Juden entdeckt, weil sich auch in seinen Adern jüdisches Blut befindet" (*Kölnische Zeitung*, No. 582, p. 3, November 17, 1938). The high priest of anti-Semitism even promised in this address soon to publish the genealogical tree of the Pope in order to prove his assertion.

New York City

CRITICUS

"Quaint? Not at All," Says Mr. Paul

SIR: I'm afraid I no longer possess the enterprise to quarrel with The New Republic's pedestrian and humorless notices of my novels as works of fiction. If, as in your issue of December 7, you are pleased to refer to "The Wrong World" as "a starry-eyed excursion," there is nothing the author can assume except that the book, a work of the imagination and not a treatise on economics, was indeed a starry-eyed excursion.

On the other hand I am not without energy to take exception to the implication contained in your reviewer's remark that "The hero's life would seem harder if his troubles dissolved less readily into quaintness." I'm perfectly aware that literary critics, in our troubled times, have immersed themselves in the materialism of economics so thoroughly as to injure their ability to distinguish between fact and fancy; I refuse, however, to accept The New Republic's conception of reality as a basis for criticism without protest. It is not a question of merit, but of misrepresentation. The implication contained in your reviewer's sentence is meant to convey the idea that I dissolved my hero's troubles quaintly for purely fictive purposes. If he means emotional troubles, the critical implication is nonsense; if he means economic troubles, I challenge your reviewer to specify a single instance where, conceding his equipment and training, the solution may be called "quaint." . . .

Palo Alto, Calif.

LOUIS PAUL

Only a Prophecy

SIR: If I may be allowed to assume the mantle of a prophet, and if, by your courtesy, I am allowed to express my predictions in The New Republic, I would venture to forecast that the following news (headlines only) will appear within the next two months: January 11—Chamberlain Arrives at Rome. January 12—Chamberlain Expresses Sympathy for Italy's Natural Aspirations. January 13—Chamberlain Accepts Hitler as Arbiter in Italo-French Dispute. January 14—Hitler Awards Tunisia to Italy and Chamberlain Concedes Malta. January 15—Chamberlain Cheered at Rome. February 10—(Referring to the general election in Britain) Labor Wins; Chamberlain Loses Own Seat. (A little later but date unknown) War Declared.

"But why war," I asked of a bystander, as we awaited the bulletin. "Didn't Chamberlain promise us peace?" "You're goofy, old man," was the reply, "and must have been asleep. Don't you know that the poor man had not the wit to perceive that, by reaction, his policy of subserviency to the dictators would set up an anti-Hitler agitation that would necessarily lead to war?"

San Anselmo, Calif.

CHARLES B. COLLINS

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Shoshana Sankowsky of Philadelphia has a word to add to the discussion about the letter by Messrs. Hourani and Faris, "The Case for the Arabs" (December 7). "We Americans . . . too easily accept the argument that there is no room for immigrants in Palestine. But Palestine is far from fully developed; every Jewish immigrant adds to the productivity of the country and raises its standard of living." . . . Red Corson of Portland, Oregon, says that The New Republic's treatment of the "Jewish question" has been marked by "hypocrisy, prejudice and mental confusion." He reports that the trend of public opinion is far less pro-Jewish than is reflected either in our columns or in the daily press; that public opinion, while seriously concerned by the persecution of the Jews in Germany, is just as concerned by the Japanese bombing of Chinese and Franco's slaughter of women and children in Spain; that the Jews are "fated to be turned into scapegoats."

William Jay Schieffelin, temporary chairman of the Citizens' Health Conference Committee of New York State, announces a statewide health conference, an outgrowth of the National Health Conference at Washington, to be held in the latter part of February. It will attempt to formulate a health program for New York State.

Stuart Portner, 5211 Second Boulevard, Detroit, is writing a biography of Louis Freeland Post, single-taxer, editor of The Public in Chicago and Assistant Secretary of Labor in the Wilson administration. Readers who possess material relating to Mr. Post are asked to communicate with Mr. Portner. . . . E. Edson of Lynden, Washington, has some candidates for the list of books that have changed our minds. He would include Bellamy's "Looking Backward," Fraser's "The Golden Bough" and F. W. H. Meyers' "Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death."

What's on the Air?

President Roosevelt addresses the Jackson Day dinner in Washington, Saturday, January 7, 2 P.M., CBS, Mutual, and NBC-Red Network.

"The People's Platform" discusses the problem of relief, Sunday, January 8, 7 P.M., CBS.

Representative Joseph M. Martin of Massachusetts talks on "The Republican Objectives in This Session of Congress," Tuesday, January 10, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Harold L. Ickes and Frank Gannett debate the question, "Do We Have a Free Press?" on America's Town Meeting of the Air, Thursday, January 12, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include the Metropolitan Opera Company's "Der Rosenkavalier," Saturday, January 7, 1:55 P.M., NBC-Red Network; the Coolidge Quartet, Saturday, January 7, 4:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; the New York Philharmonic, Sunday, January 8, 3 P.M., CBS; the Westminster College Choir, Monday, January 9, 9:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," Tuesday, January 10, 8 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the Rochester Philharmonic, Thursday, January 12, 8:30 P.M., NBC-Blue Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

Books in Review

Ulysses of the GOP

THOUGH ELIHU ROOT did not attain the highest office in the land—because of the political handicap of his lifelong Wall Street connection—he was one of those key-men who, over long years, exercise a more permanent and powerful influence upon our public life than do Presidents and bosses. From the days of Jim Fisk to those of the Van Sweringens, Root was the corporation lawyer *par excellence*, building the legal foundations of our greatest joint-stock companies and trusts, counseling them in their public policies, defending them unsleepingly against court and Congress, federal and state government. Seldom do corporation lawyers of Root's cleverness and high earning power take to the hustings. Serving such big interests, those of a Morgan or Harriman, of banks and railroads, they usually prefer to work behind the scenes, where the wires to which the political marionettes dance may be soundlessly manipulated. Only the war emergencies of 1898-1900 and the alarms of Bryan's crusades against big business and imperialism led Hanna and McKinley to call the talented Root to the Cabinet. In the fullness of age, and almost with reluctance, Root served as Secretary of War, after 1899; and stayed in Washington as Secretary of State, as Senator for New York and in divers other high capacities, but mainly and literally as the work-horse of Republican administrations.

Thereafter, such ideas or policies as the conservative Republicans were equal to, always seemed to stem from Root's fertile brain—as they still do. Crafty as Ulysses, widely informed, apt of speech, a master of detail, he could be found playing a principal role in critical moments of history-making—with other politicians getting most of the credit.

Such gifts, which were also graced with a strong spirit of irony, naturally lend themselves to absorbing biography. This the "admittedly friendly" Professor Jessup has certainly given us¹; and in Victorian dimensions. The abler Victorians, to be sure, brightened their pages with more critical insight and definition of experience than he brings to the task; and Jessup has been almost too mellow about certain inconsistencies and lapses in his hero. Yet the author, and the Root family, have permitted the veil to be lifted more than is usual. Masses of documents, letters and anecdotes have been gathered which shed good light on high finance, high politics, foreign affairs and a whole series of special "problems" of history. These are, notably, the hideous crisis of the Philippines, toward 1900; the great coal strike of 1902 (which Root "settled" for Theodore Roosevelt simply by going to see J. P. Morgan); the paradoxical Trust Busting episodes; the Roosevelt-Taft rupture and the "bolt" of 1912; the advance and retreat of Dollar Diplomacy in Asia and Latin America.

On the other hand, in all sorrow, we must remark some surprising omissions, especially in so long a work. Why was

there no room for the famous, oft-cited Harriman letter of December, 1905, which, never intended for publication, was "scooped" by *The World*? Here, among other unsavory things, was related how Harriman's powerful competitor, T. F. Ryan, succeeded not only in manipulating all his big traction deals and tobacco monopolies but also in "covering up his tracks" by a whole series of legal and corporate quick-changes—thanks to the "adroit mind of Elihu Root." Now today's generation has an overweening curiosity to know just how such jobs, to which Root gave most of his life, were actually carried out. On these matters, Professor Jessup is largely silent; perhaps with design. Biographers who tend to poke into the dark cabinets of history, as that old humorist, Charles Beard, once remarked of a similar case, run the risk of being labeled not as scholars, worthy of academic acclaim, but "Leftists."

Yet Jessup did have space to quote, without apologies, Root's mean aspersions upon an infinitely nobler American jurist, Justice Brandeis, who was his polar opposite politically and morally, and whose nomination to the Supreme Court Root strove to defeat.

Jessup's thesis argues that just as Root had been the brilliant and devoted lawyer of his Wall Street clients, so in public life he served the people faithfully and disinterestedly as his "client." Though at odd moments Root may conceivably have confused his alternate "clients," there is a partial truth in this argument, originated by Theodore Roosevelt in defending the retention of the trust attorney in his Cabinet at the height of the Trust Busting battles. Yet the lately printed private letters of Henry Adams, confidant of John Hay, give us a contrasting account of Root as exploding with rage and fear at the Northern Securities prosecution.

He had taken his stand long ago, in youth. "Every man has his price," he believed then. Say for him, at least, that his price was pretty high. Defending Tweed (which troubled him, as did counseling the notorious insurance companies of the nineties) was in accord with the ethics of the bar; but it made the voter mistrustful of such a counsellor in presidential years. On the whole, Elihu Root accepted the morality of his class and epoch with good humor. He oversaw (by consent) much of the Rooseveltian reform legislation; and it would be inaccurate to assume that these two were actually far apart in concepts of policy and social equilibrium. Having clear eyes, Root would often urge reasonable *concessions* to the enemy, where some of his clients, like Morgan, would have been merely stubborn.

The richness of this biography derives from Root's interesting gifts as a statesman and attorney for American capitalism. He never fooled himself. Over a span of ninety years, his talk, advice and letters to Presidents and corporations regarding strikes, financial panics, war dangers and reform movements, are always candid, witty and realistic—with none of your platform orator's bromides, but with a full-grown, class-conscious point of view, such as people downtown use in talking nowadays of the New Deal.

¹ Elihu Root, by Philip C. Jessup. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. 2 vols. 1,149 pages. \$7.50.

If you trusted certain flabby-minded interpreters of our recent history, you would suppose that some divine afflatus guided our Elder Statesmen as they gave to our Constitution, our laws, our corporations the form they have today. But when you read the intimate correspondence of Elihu Root himself, you find the same coldly materialistic view of money and class purpose as in Josef Stalin—though, of course, from the angle of the Union League Club.

MATTHEW JOSEPHSON

George Herbert Mead

The Works of George H. Mead. Vol I: Mind, Self and Society, edited with an Introduction by Charles W. Morris; 439 pages. Vol. II: Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century, edited with an Introduction by Merritt Hadden Moore; 558 pages. Vol. III: The Philosophy of the Act, edited with an Introduction by Charles W. Morris, in collaboration with John M. Brewster, Albert M. Dunham and David L. Miller; 780 pages. The University of Chicago Press. \$5 each.

THE PUBLISHERS of these posthumous documents print Whitehead's endorsement as follows: "I regard the publication of the volumes containing the late Professor George Herbert Mead's researches as of the highest importance for philosophy. I entirely agree with Professor John Dewey's estimate, 'A seminal mind of the very first order.'" The editors rank Mead, in the pragmatist movement, "as a thinker of the magnitude of Peirce, James and Dewey." And though the reader will probably feel that a philosophy is here mulled over, rather than formed, I cannot see why he should want to disagree with the above testimonials. Anyone who would cherish with gratitude what of great value may have been piled up in this country, must study these books (the journalistic remaining, as always, for those who prefer the like-water-off-a-duck's-back mode of reading, and will not work over the printed page except when doing puzzles, rebuses and cryptograms).

In search of a text, as a handy way of getting at the gist of these 1,700 or so pages, I should select from the good book, under "Voice—middle":

Middle voice (*Gram.*), that form of the verb by which its subject is represented as both the agent, or doer, and the object of the action, that is, as performing some act to or for his advantage.

Mead's philosophy of the act, in other words, takes its start in the idealist's concern with the identity of subject and object. The concept of the Self is pivotal, the very word "Self" suggesting the reflexive form, a subject that is its own object. The strategy of romantic philosophy (which Mead likens to the beginnings of self-consciousness at adolescence) was to identify the individual Self metaphysically with an Absolute Self, thereby making the reflexive act the very essence of the universe, a state of affairs that is open to lewd caricature. But Mead, turning from a metaphysical emphasis to a sociological one, substitutes for the notion of an Absolute Self the notion of mind as a social product, stressing the sociality of action and reflection, and viewing thought as the internalization of objective relationships.

Mead calls his social psychology behavioristic, while distinguishing clearly between his brand of behaviorism and

that of Watson. The individual's responses are matured by such processes of complication and revision as arise from co-operative and communicative factors. The communicative, in turn, is formed by language, out of which arises the "universe of discourse," and rational self-consciousness is framed with reference to this universe of discourse.

We have been hearing much of "democracy" and much of "dialectics"—and surely Mead's approach helps us to understand the integral relationship between these concepts. For dialectics deals with the converse, the conversational, while democracy is the ideal of expression in the market place, the dramatics of the forum. The truth of the debate arises from the combat of the debaters, which would transform the competitive into the coöperative (somewhat as competitors in a game "coöperate" to make it a good game).

So Mead would envisage the act of reflection as the holding of conversation with oneself—of seeking to contain within oneself, dialectically, the entire drama—of asserting in the form of an incipient act, which is delayed, to be corrected from the standpoint of the "generalized other" ("the attitude of the generalized other is the attitude of the whole community")—and of thus waging this internal dialogue back and forth, in search of truth matured by the checking of an imaginary opponent. It is by this ability (implemented by the character of language) to put oneself in the role of the other, that human consciousness is made identical with self-consciousness, that the subject can see itself as object (an "I" beholding its "me"), and that the subject can mature by encompassing the maximum complexity of roles.

The metaphor of the conversation (uniting "democratic" and "dialectical" by the *forensic* element common to both) is systematically carried throughout Mead's view of human relations. "The parry is an interpretation of the thrust," as one even "converses" with objects, coöperating with them to his benefit only in so far as he allows them to have their say, takes their role by telling himself what their modes of assertion are, and corrects his own assertions on the basis of their claims. To "silence" them by the use of one's dictatorial opportunities is to deny oneself the opportunity to gauge their resistances correctly, an imposing of the quietus that would take its vengeance upon him by restricting his available knowledge of reality. Or again, when discussing two phases of universal societies (the religious, which are treated as extensions of neighborliness, and the economic, which are treated in the spirit of Adam Smith's apologetics, as the exchange of surpluses to the mutual advantage of the exchangers), he writes: "One cannot complete the process of bringing goods into a market except by developing means of communication. The language in which that is expressed is the language of money"—where the philosopher presumably so carries out his conversational metaphor as to say, without irony, that "money talks."

The general tenor of Mead's social psychology is in keeping with the promissory mood that went with the happier days of progressive evolution. Here man the problem-solver looks with Whitmanesque delight upon that state of affairs wherein each solution is the basis of a new problem. Mead considers the possibility that, in seeking to encompass the total conversation, one might make of oneself an internal wrangle, with more of heckling than discussion (particularly where he would identify himself with a society in which sub-groups are at odds)—but characteristically, he

treats this as a complicating factor, as something to look out for and try to guard against, rather than as a basic element of discord in his picture.

The book covers a vast range of material. "Mind, Self and Society" is the volume in which Mead's sociological pattern is developed. "The Philosophy of the Act" deals with his devices for transferring his concepts of sociality and perspective into cosmological interpretations, wherein he uses the physicist's theories of relativity to his purposes. And "Movements of Thought in the Nineteenth Century" is a highly serviceable historical treatment of trends since the Renaissance, mainly centered upon matters of science and revolution. It is a great loss to the quality of discussion in America that the volumes were not publicly available during the period of upheaval and recasting that went with our attempts to refurbish our individualism for collective necessities after 1929. One might conceivably sometimes want to put pluses where Mead put minuses, and *v. v.*, particularly where Mead considers social developments, in promissory fashion, as a straight line towards a kind of ideal League of Nations. Again and again, one misses Veblen. But particularly in his remarks on attitudes as incipient acts, on modes of identification, on personality and abstraction, on the relations between the biological and the social, and on thought as gesture, his writings seem to map out the field of discussion for forthcoming years.

Unfortunately, the piety of Mead's disciples has worked against him somewhat, as they sought to preserve for us his every word rather than to seek condensation and saliency. For there is another sense in which these books hinge about the metaphor of the conversation. They are composed mainly of transcripts from classroom discussion, so that much is repeated, and is said loosely. As a result, there are many paragraphs, but no sentences. KENNETH BURKE

Ancestral Voices

This Peace, by Thomas Mann. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 38 pages. 75 cents.

Our Battle, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. New York: Simon and Schuster. 140 pages. \$1.

S PINOZA, whom Hendrik van Loon quotes at the outset of his essay, once wrote: "I have sedulously endeavored not to laugh at human actions, not to deplore them, nor to detest them, but merely to understand them." Defense against the barbarians requires less of indignation than of understanding of the ways of the enemy and of the strategic conditions of successful resistance. Impassioned pleas on behalf of the Western heritage of freedom may stir enthusiasm and courage among those who fight the good fight. But these virtues will be vain without a clear conception of the whoms, whats, hows and whys of the contest. Tracts for the times must be judged not by their eloquence but by their insight.

Thomas Mann is not a "social scientist" but he is a searcher of souls. Without any conscious utilization of diagnostic techniques, he achieves extraordinary clarity and accuracy of perception even in dealing with the most obscure and complex political events. These qualities pervaded his earlier essay on "The Coming Victory of Democracy." They have never been displayed more brilliantly than in this

polemic on the "peace" of Munich. His brief and trenchant characterizations of causes, content and consequences will, in the reviewer's opinion, be fully substantiated by the future verdicts of specialists in diplomatic history.

Mann perceives that the "war crisis" was a façade devised by Chamberlain and Hitler to render the partition of Czecho-Slovakia acceptable to the British and French masses. He sees the betrayal of Prague as "one of the foulest pages of history—this offering up of an allied and loyal state upon the altar of fascism, that fascism might be preserved and strengthened for its role as hired bravo against Russia and socialism." He sees that Britain's Tory oligarchy, out of its fears of "bolshevism" and its hopes that Hitler will march against Moscow, has sold Europe into bondage. This perception, which cuts through all pretense like a rapier, is the measure of Mann's acute intuition. It is also a product of his penetrating analysis of the genesis of German fascism and his realization that the German microcosm of 1933 is reproduced in the European macrocosm of 1938. "It is uncanny to see how the wretched figure of von Papen, the conservative who delivered up Germany to Hitler, recurs again in the English Chamberlain. . . . We have all been hoaxed and fooled . . . pawns in a shameless game."

By comparison, historian van Loon is innocent of social insight. But his vigorous, gossipy challenge to "Mein Kampf" is for all of that a masterpiece, despite its quality of charming naïveté. The bulk of his small book is a vivid character sketch of Hitler, etched in Freudian colors and embellished by a challenging comparison with Robespierre.

Both Mann and van Loon are agreed that Munich spells the end of the West in Europe. The conclusions they draw from this doom are different. Van Loon: "There can be no spiritual peace between the citizens of the United States of America and the subjects of the Führer of the Third Reich. There can only be war until one of us or the other suffers defeat. About the outcome of this conflict, none of us can have the slightest doubt." Mann is more realistic and therefore less hopeful. His robust faith is not yet broken, but he verges upon escape into subjectivism: "Madness, thou hast prevailed. . . . Reason and truth may suffer apparent eclipse. But in us, in our hearts, they are eternally free. And looking down from the bright regions of art, the spirit may laugh at the triumphant folly of the hour." Here in poignant gloom the artist who has always accepted life seeks to flee from it. His laughter of the spirit rings hollow and promises to be brief. . . .

Wohin? The clue to this mystery and tragedy lies in the fact, which Mann acknowledges, that Property has hired barbarians to protect a decaying social order and has thereby betrayed Democracy. "Autocracy," says van Loon, "is invariably the result of bad democracy." Agreed. But the "badness" lies precisely in the crisis of late capitalism. Can America escape this Nemesis? Can it emancipate itself from a self-defeating foreign policy made in Downing Street and the Vatican? Can its propertied élite escape fear and avoid the murderous and suicidal course of the aristocrats and plutocrats of Europe? Perhaps. But not by war. And not by art. The hour is too late. If Property has come to mean the triumph of barbarism, if its beneficiaries can neither save themselves nor render their salvation compatible with civilization, then those who defend the ancient tradition of the

West face only two alternatives, from both of which the literati shrink in horror: a new Dark Ages—or social revolution. Even for America, this may be the ultimate choice.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN

Democracy in England

Parliamentary Government in England, by Harold J. Laski. New York: The Viking Press. 383 pages. \$3.50.

AS MR. LASKI says in his preface, "this book is not a formal description of the working of parliamentary government in England but, essentially, a commentary limited to certain aspects of its working." Later on, in the body of the book, he states the problem more precisely: "The fascinating question that is set for our generation is whether the institutions produced to satisfy one system of class relations can be so reshaped as to be worked for the ends of a directly anti-thetic system."

Two developments in England have made this anything but an academic question. The first was the emergence of the Labor Party after the War as the official opposition group to the Conservatives. The second was the Labor Party's adoption in 1937 of a program calling for wholesale socialization and confiscation of private property. Since the "glorious revolution" of 1688, British representative government has never faced such an issue. At no time has a majority in Parliament been committed to a program attacking the validity of private property. "Our whole machinery of government," Lord Balfour once wrote, "presupposes a people so fundamentally at one they can safely afford to bicker."

Mr. Laski assumes that a Labor victory at the polls will threaten this fundamental unity in the course of the next five or ten years. He does not, however, make any dogmatic statements about what form the coming struggle for power will take. Whether representative government can now serve the interests of Labor or whether it will be abandoned either by the Laborites or the Conservatives he does not say. All he does is to indicate a strong presupposition that representative government will not be able to install socialism peacefully, but he strongly urges the continuation of the two-party system in which it is the function of one party to govern and of the other party to criticize while at the same time it prepares an alternative program.

Three institutions—the House of Lords, the Monarchy and the courts—can be counted on to throw their undivided support to the Conservatives. The House of Commons, the Cabinet and the Civil Service, on the other hand, contain elements and possibilities not wholly unfavorable to Labor. To each of these six subjects he devotes a chapter, the one about the House of Commons being a refreshing antidote to most of the ignorant and hysterical praise of "democracy" that has appeared during the past year. What distinguishes Mr. Laski from all other writers on current affairs, whether of the right or of the left, is not just his learning, not just his love of history, not just his convictions; it is the extraordinary clarity of his mind. Where the Walter Lippmanns and Dorothy Thompsons are content merely to simplify, Mr. Laski is able to clarify. Where the Marxists of various political persuasions entangle themselves and their readers in the web of dialectics, Mr. Laski knows how to

use Marxist thought as a thread to guide him and his reader through the labyrinthine confusions of the modern world. And the fact that the Marxist thread is usually invisible does not make his excursion any less pleasurable. Mr. Laski has given us an artistic performance of a high order; is it too much to hope that his next book will devote itself to the problem of British imperialism as effectively as this one has devoted itself to the problem of British capitalism? There is a subject worthy of his talents and of equally pressing importance.

QUINCY HOWE

Three Novels

Garland of Bays, by Gwyn Jones. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$3.

GARLAND OF BAYS" is worked around the life of Robert Greene and the life of England in the late sixteenth century. And appropriately for its period it is above everything else a novel of adventure: low and high living, daggers and hard rides and cudgel-play, tavern brawls, cony-catching, roaring and whoring; there are the bright Italian cities of that awakening time, London in the plague and the big snow; the court, the Star Chamber, the prisons.

Everything is there (commerce and the wars muttering off-stage), and in fact too much is there: to conquer its own anthonny-adversity a book of 670 big pages needs more of the epic idea. The writers are there too: Marlowe, Nashe, the Churchmen, even the glimpse of an upstart Shakespeare ("Every frothblow from Mudshire thinks Jack as good as his master"). But it isn't a good study of writers, for no amount of research into how they lived, and when, can alter the fact that writing never just happens but is an inward thing, usually slow and always with roots. Gwyn Jones gives the backgrounds for plays, pamphlets, romances and verses with easy authority (his working-in of Greene's underworld "exposures" is ingenious and admirable); but the creative process itself, which preserved Greene from the oblivion of how many thousand of his stout fellows *and thus made him worth writing a novel about*—this is slighted, tossed in haphazard. Wyndham-Lewis' excursion into the life of Villon is as robust, more complete and shorter.

In all the important externals, Gwyn Jones seems to have the life as it might have been lived: young Robin the saddler's boy getting to the university by chance, learning there from both fast and sober acquaintances; his sister getting a position in a big country house; and finally being raped by the dashing heir, Robert's friend from the university (this first part, especially the fascinating routine of sixteenth-century country living and manners, is the most solid, and long enough for a short novel in itself). Then the life of a waster abroad and at London, finer instincts being tramped or cut down, until almost everything is gambled on the main chance, and the young man is quickly middle-aged and constantly occupied with going from sycophancy to degradation. He is not a pretty man, this Greene, but as a man he is better understood than most safely past and therefore hallowed literary subjects; the spread between life and writings, between "Euphues" and fleshpots, is worked out in common human terms.

"Garland of Bays" succeeds in a thing that most of the historicals never get around to. Despite its failings, it has

the stereopticon trick of bringing a flat surface into the dimensions of life. We learn about the Elizabethans: but that's all in our head, it's all from a flat page of print, the studying, the analyzing, the explaining, the literary recreation. This book has the uncanny faculty of bringing you right inside a period. Incomplete and faulty as it is, it creates a gradual atmosphere of the human attitudes, feelings and customs of a time we have always taken on a remote literary say-so.

OTIS FERGUSON

The River Breaks Up, by I. J. Singer. Translated by Maurice Samuel. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

WHAT IS HORRIFYING about these stories of the life of Jews in Poland is that, writing of misery and suffering, the author is not indignant. This book does not belong to the literature of protest. The sense is of acceptance, of resignation. The thick walls of a ghetto rise up on all sides, and within it, ununderstanding and ununderstood, dark life crawls on. So in the town, and so in the village, and so even in the last story, which is about America. In "The Brothers Ashkenazi," Mr. Singer showed forces that, expanding and growing into a city, eventually clashed and destroyed the city. He showed hunger and need, and how men fight running away from hunger and satisfying need. But here he gives us flashes of unmotivated, rather violent and rather hateful bugs, mistreating and mistreated, suddenly moving here, there, pursuing, possessing, sometimes even killing.

Perhaps it is Mr. Singer's art, or rather his lack of art, which is at fault. He seems to need more room than is contained in a short story. He has many riches; he can take insignificant and unimportant incident after incident and fact after fact and relating them make them seem both significant and important, and explain for us, as he did in "The Brothers Ashkenazi," a society and an epoch. But he has no sharpness of perception, so necessary in a short story, no sudden insight that illuminates a truth. His stories plod on, through swamps, through mud, through dusty Polish roads, come across the ocean, and end in a smelly East Side garage. Mr. Singer seems to have had no joy in his journey. He met a lot of people, and they seem to have been in deep trouble. But he did not love them, he had no pity for them. He did not seem to care very much about them.

NATHAN ASCH

The Valiant Woman, by Sheila Kaye-Smith. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.50.

MISS KAYE-SMITH has brought together the material and themes which have distinguished her previous novels—the background, unique in landscape and peasantry, which made her reputation in "Sussex Gorse"; the realistic woman character, who recalls Joanna Godden; the clash between young and old, and the changing face of England, which she presented in her masterpiece, "The End of the House of Alard"; and the religious interest which appears in different phases in many of her books. This comprehensiveness accounts for a certain looseness of texture and blurring of pattern in the present volume, in spite of the evidence it gives of Miss Kaye-Smith's increasing craftsmanship, which has come to include comic relief from the seriousness of her earlier work. Among English novelists she is now the leading woman.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Biographer as Autobiographer

Thinking It Over, by Hesketh Pearson. New York: Harper and Brothers. 332 pages. \$3.50.

MR. HESKETH PEARSON is the successful writer of very readable biographies for the reason that he has an immense interest in and curiosity about other people, and that, as he tells us in this book, he has learned that "human beings should be portrayed as far as possible by themselves . . . and the dramatist and biographer should remain in the background as spectator and recorder, not play the judge and moralist."

Though Mr. Pearson's autobiography reveals him as a very pleasant chap with his due share of the aggressive spirit, one is inclined to sympathize with the point of view of the lady who came up to him once at a department-store display of his work: "Excuse me," she said, "but I know who you are, because I heard you lecture the other day. I've just read your book and want you to autograph it for me. It's very clever but rather cruel and I'm sure you're not really cruel, are you? You've such a kind face."

Mr. Pearson writing about his easygoing youth, his war years when he refused to sentence his men to field punishment, and his theatrical career, proves among other such matters that he has a kind heart as well as a kind face; but actually he is more interesting when he talks about Sir Herbert Tree (who occupies the best and brightest pages in the book), George Alexander, Bernard Shaw and Frank Harris, including a delightful interview between two opposing spirits, Harris and Galsworthy, than when he relates his own adventures and downright but not particularly subtle views of men and matters.

NORAH HOULT

New Books: A Reader's List

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN GRAPHIC HUMOR: 1865-1938, by William Murrell (Macmillan, \$6.50). The second of two volumes dealing exhaustively with the whole story of caricature, political satire, the cartoon, the comic strip, etc., in America. The development of these things from the days of Nast and Hoppin to the days of Arno and Gropper is the theme of this volume—a theme that Mr. Murrell handles informedly, patiently and, in spite of a certain spottiness, illuminatingly.

THE BLACK JACOBINS, by C. L. R. James (Dial, \$3.75).

A most thorough account of the Santo Domingo revolution and its great leader Toussaint L'Ouverture. Valuable not only for data directly concerning the uprising but for showing its place in European politics of the time.

NEW YORK: AN AMERICAN CITY, 1783-1803, by Sidney I. Pomerantz (Columbia, \$5). A study of urban conditions from the evacuation of the city by the British in 1783 to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when New York's domination as the capital was assured. A finely comprehensive review, fully documented and annotated.

PORTRAIT OF A CHEF, by Helen Morris (Macmillan, \$3).

A cook's tour of Victorian history. The life of Alexis Soyer, chef to the gourmets of England, whose sanitary organization saved thousands of lives during the Crimean War, written with proper Victorian approval of a man who knew his place.

INDIAN CAVALCADE, by Clark Wissler (Sheridan House, \$3). After 1890, it is believed that no reservation Indian actually starved to death; but the Nazi government might well have borrowed the idea of concentration camps from our Indian Bureau. An anthropologist, Clark Wissler, visited many reservations in the period when Indians were first being placed in protective custody. He explains the workings of the system and describes its unconscious cruelty.

PATAGONIAN YEAR, by Bruno Nordang (Knopf, \$2.75). A translation from the Norwegian. An engineer, the author spent much time in Patagonia, as well as other parts of Argentina, and writes about his experiences in a quiet, pleasant, engineer-like fashion. None of his adventures was extraordinary but they make interesting reading. And Patagonia, you understand, is more than pampas and gauchos.

JAPANESE TERROR IN CHINA, edited by H. J. Timperley (Modern Age, 75 cents). A lurid imagination could hardly invent atrocity stories more appalling than these documentary reports of butchery, rape and systematic looting by the Japanese Army in China.

COLIN LOWRIE, by Norah Lofts (Knopf, \$2.50). A lively and not too probable eighteenth-century story of a Scottish Jacobite sold into slavery in the West Indies, and at last finding his way back to his own country.

MR. CINDERELLA, by Rex Stout (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). Fireside reading about an indelible lipstick and a young man who pooh-poohs money and girls, hence gets plenty of both. Moral: not that indifference is the best method of pursuit, but that plotting murders, as Mr. Stout has done in his other recent novels, doesn't spoil your touch for sprightly dialogue.

THE PRINCIPLES OF ART, by R. G. Collingwood (Oxford, \$4.50). An attempt to distinguish between "art proper" and "art falsely so-called" (craft, magic, amusement) and an attack on the more popular art theories of today. Requires a patient reader.

TO PERSIA FOR FLOWERS, by Alice Fullerton (Oxford, \$3). Two women botanists scour the interior of Persia for bulbs and seeds. Not for flower lovers only; the author tells more about the native specimens she doctored in her clinic than those she plucked in the fields.

FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME, by Dorothy Day (Silver Springs, Md.: Preservation of the Faith Press, \$1.50). The author began her career as a rebel, associated first with the suffragists, then with the wartime pacifists, then with the Wobblies, then with the Communists, wandering wherever the struggle seemed most dangerous and romantic. Later she became a devout Catholic, and she now holds a position of some influence as publisher of *The Catholic Worker*. In this book she tells her story, but in rather general terms, so that the progress of her ideas will seem obscure to both radicals and churchmen.

Contributors

LEWIS MUMFORD, author of many books on art, literature and the social sciences, has recently published "The Culture of Cities" (Harcourt, Brace).

DANIEL LANG is a recent graduate of the University of Wisconsin. He has done sociological research for the government, written documentary films and been in public-relations work.

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MATTHEW JOSEPHSON is the author of many books, including "The Robber Barons," biographies of Zola and Rousseau and "The Politicos."

KENNETH BURKE is the author, among other books, of "Permanence and Change," a social psychology, and "Attitudes Toward History," an outline of political, economic and esthetic interrelationships.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is professor of Political Science at Williams College. He is working on a diplomatic history of Europe since 1933 (Alfred A. Knopf).

QUINCY HOWE is completing a new book for Simon and Schuster with the tentative title, "The Prudent American's Guide to Peace and War."

NATHAN ASCH is the author of several books, including "Pay Day," "The Valley" and "The Road: In Search of America."

NORAH HOULT, the Anglo-Irish novelist, is the author of, among other books "Poor Women," "Closing Hour" and "Coming from the Fair."

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